

"THE MAGAZINE WITH A SOUL"

NOVEMBER

THE

TEN CENTS.

WEST COAST MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOHN S. MCGROARTY

"Back to Africa"

By EDWIN SCHALLERT

Col. Collier In Action

By EDWIN H. CLOUGH

New Mexico-A New State

By ARTHUR R. HINTON

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VOL. IX

JOHN S. McGROARTY, Editor

No. 2

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VOL. IX

NOVEMBER 1910

No. 2

“Back to Africa”

By EDWIN SCHALLERT



Far west of where the sacred Nile winds its way sluggishly to the sea; far west of where the African boatman sings his soft night song to Allah; beyond the reach of the hot Khamsin; far away from where the Simoon hurls defiantly the burning desert sand against the face of the immovable Sphinx; far west, facing the great ocean, but in Africa, the mysterious land, is Liberia. Freedom! Freedom for the dark man, because it is the dark man's land, his land of promise, the earthly Paradise of which struggling negroes have sung for years. Their own country, where their own people live; people who know and understand their thoughts, their customs, their life. In that land is the negro's destiny fixed. Thence he came; there he must and will return if ever in the course of this world's life he will be a man.

His destiny is not our destiny; America is not the land where he should work out his fate. Although

his life did seem at one time to become a part of that of the United States, still he was always external to it, always the outcast. Here the negro race as a whole will never rise to any greatness. Conditions will not permit it. There has been too much blood spilt on account of him, and of this he was the innocent cause. But the negro must find some place where he can fully attain his desires, his ambitions, for being human he has ambitions. Africa, his own land, is waiting for him, waiting with outstretched arms to receive him, who was so cruelly torn from her arms years ago. There shall the negro go, there shall he win back what has been lost to him through so many endless years, his own self-respect and the respect of his fellow countrymen.

The negro can not be successful in this country, because there is the eternal difference between the black and the white race, a difference which can never be bridged. The two peoples have lived apart for too long a

time ever to become friends. You can not bring two forces from the ends of the earth and expect them to unite in their thoughts and labors. The white man does not understand the negro; the negro does not understand the white man; just as there can not be understanding between the Caucasian and the Mongolian, be-

shores of the United States farewell and return to Africa. This is the call, which deep down in his soul every colored man must feel. The call of his native land, of his home. In the deep jungles of Africa, in the "dark continent" is the negro's Mecca; there shall he make his pilgrimage, and there shall he remain.



REV. J. D. GORDON, THE GIFTED LOS ANGELES PREACHER, WHOSE DREAM IT IS TO CHRISTIANIZE THE AFRICAN JUNGLES

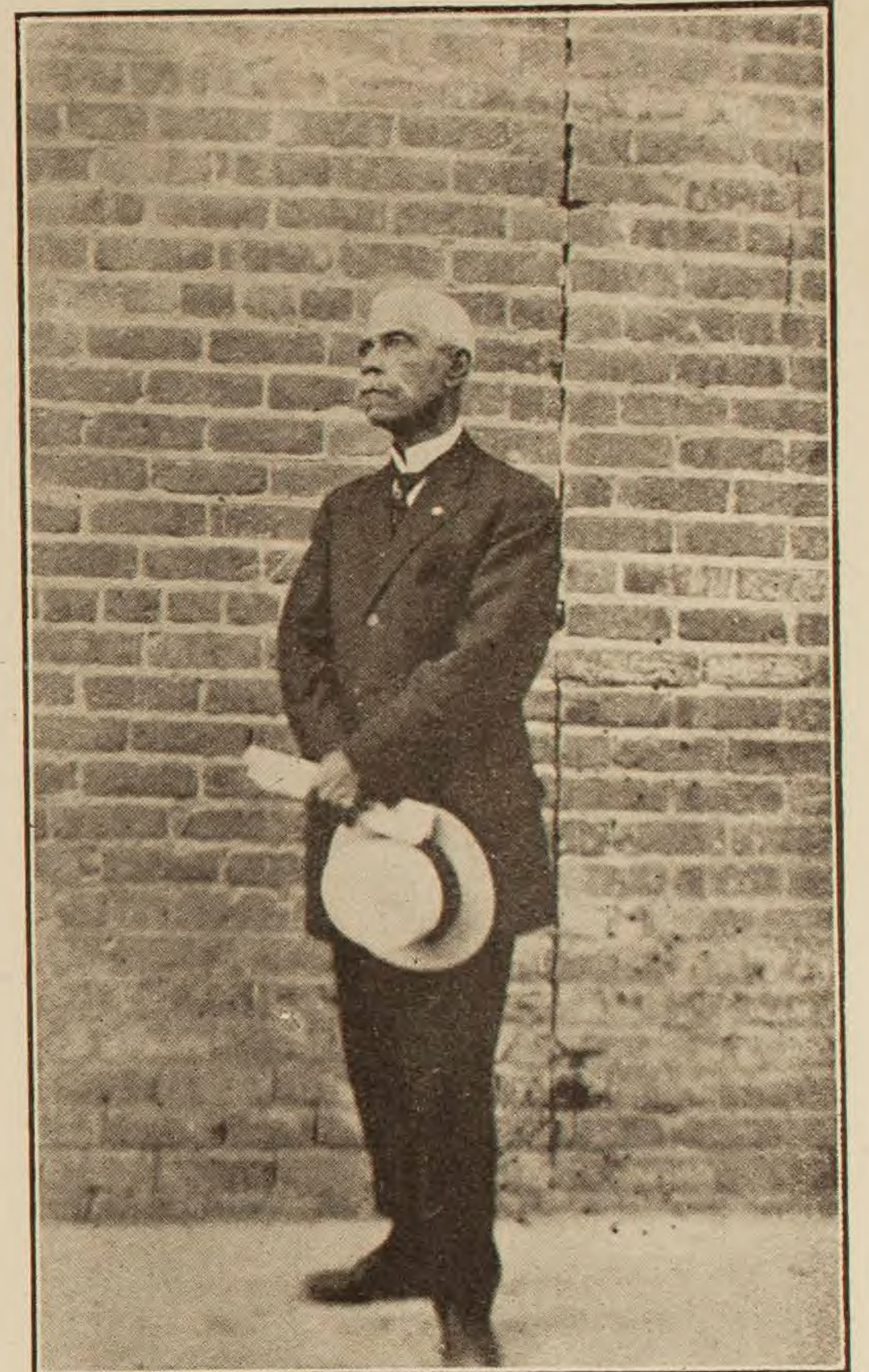
tween the Caucasian and the Indian. Thousands of miles, thousands of years have separated these people from us. Miles and years, which have made an impassable gulf between them and us, between their thoughts and our thoughts, between their customs and our customs, between their all and our all.

So, sooner or later, if the negro will be understood, he must bid the

All Africa is wonderful, but its wonders are still hidden. Think of the vast stretches of land in Egypt, the heart of the continent. Have they not fully repaid the labors of the people who worked there? Think of South Africa. Untold riches, the world's most precious treasures have been unearthed there. This is only a small part of the earth's second largest continent. The

mineral resources of Africa are just becoming known, as are other possibilities. Liberia itself, which has been partly developed, has been found to furnish many things which give them a trade with the outside world. Rubber constitutes an important export and a large corporation has been formed to cultivate and ship it. Another product which has also found a foreign market is palm-oil and palm kernels. Coffee was an important article of trade at one time, but now on account of there being so many other parts of the world where it is produced, the trade in it has considerably diminished. Other products, which are not largely exported at present, but with which a large commerce could be built up are camwood, ivory, cacao, cotton, tobacco, gum copal, ivory nuts, ground nuts. The cacao industry has taken on larger proportions since the trade in coffee is not so large, while the cultivation of some of the other products is still in its infancy. Tropical fruits naturally thrive and cattle have been found to do well. Send out a colony of industrious people into this rich region and undreamed of wonders will be brought to light.

On the north of Liberia is Sierra Leone, a British possession, south and east the sea, the Sudan and the vast stretches of the mysterious Sahara desert. To the west is the great Atlantic ocean. Back from the sea coast are the deep dark forests, their depths full of unsolved mysteries. Here and there they are pierced by a sometimes noisy, sometimes silent river, or a deeply shaded woodland path. It is a land to dream about, for it is a dreamland full of shades and shadows and hidden things. Along the wonderfully varied coast thriving towns are scattered. In some places the sea is faced by a sheer promontory, in others it meets a dreamy river, and again it dies in white foam on a smooth line of sandy beach. This portion of the



COL. ALLEN ALLENSWORTH U. S. ARMY. RETIRED, SELECTED TO HANDLE THE FUNDS FOR THE "BACK TO AFRICA" MOVEMENT

country along the sea-coast is inhabited by freed American negroes, and civilized and half civilized natives. Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, is situated at the mouth of one of the rivers, and it is indeed a quaint little town, so modern and advanced in some respects, so uncivilized in others. Of the interior of this little republic very little is known. Here and there in the dense forest is a lonely village, but the villagers are uncouth, half-civilized or barbarous beings; and although they are fully capable of learning, they resent the intrusion of anything new. But even now in their own rough way they build their houses, make their garments, their tools and their weapons—they even have musical instruments.

The honesty prevailing amongst them is marvelous. They never

think of stealing from one another. A person can leave his provisions out in front of his house all night and rest assured that they will be there in the morning. They do not see any reason for stealing because they have peculiar custom of always dividing their food with one another. Consequently he who was the victim of the robbery would get his share anyhow.

These people in the wild places need a teacher to open their eyes to the light of civilization, to make them men and to show them the possibilities which exist in their country. This teacher is at hand, and it is intended that he shall be a body of men all working together for one common end. One man has gone out there many a time, gone and accomplished practically nothing or perished in the attempt. But a body of men striving together can accomplish what one man can not. The example of a well regulated community will force the uncouth natives into the realization of the beauties of civilized life, so that they will wish to imitate this civilization, because their curiosity will be aroused and once their curiosity has the upper hand they will try to become like unto these men. Curiosity is one of the greatest factors in the development of man, because it so often creates the desire to imitate.

But this is an old story, a foolish story, you will say. The negro will never return to Africa. This thing has been dreamed of almost a century ago. The project failed then just as it will always fail. Yes, it did fail in a certain sense, and then again it did not fail. It practically founded the government of Liberia, which has been a successful one, and prepared the way for a movement at the present day. Liberia proves the fact that the negro, left to himself, can rule himself, can build a country, and although Liberia is young, it is growing and progressing. And now, when the negro goes back to Africa he will not be in the dark as

to the conditions prevailing there as were those who emigrated a century ago. No wonder that the project was given up at that time, when whole ships of men and women died of the fever or were killed by savage tribes. At the present time, these evils can be faced, because now advanced medical aid will be at hand and the savage tribes have been subdued.

That there is a real movement toward the colonization and civilization of Africa—a back to Africa movement—is evidenced by the fact that there are three negroes of great ability who are doing all in their power to create it and with success. These men have dreamed of the land of promise for years, a land where they could be happy, free and capable of being men and of working out their life peacefully. And now their eyes are fastened on the land across the seas, on Africa the mysterious land, on Liberia, whose motto is "Love of Freedom Brought Us Here." But they do not want to live among the civilized people there and take from them the fruits of their labors. They want to form a community in the dense deep forests, to tame the wild people and the wild things, and fight the fight against death and the devil and the flesh, and on the basis of this conflict, a basis on which all great cities are built, they will build their city, in which the free, strong, brave and civilized people, those who have gone through the cleansing fire, shall live happily.

Why will the movement be a success? Because these men see their one purpose and will allow nothing on earth to keep them from that purpose—to civilize Africa and make a home for the negro, and because these men belong to the same race as the people for whom they are working, because they are not influenced by any petty likes and dislikes, because they are educated, because they are men and leaders irrespective of race and color.

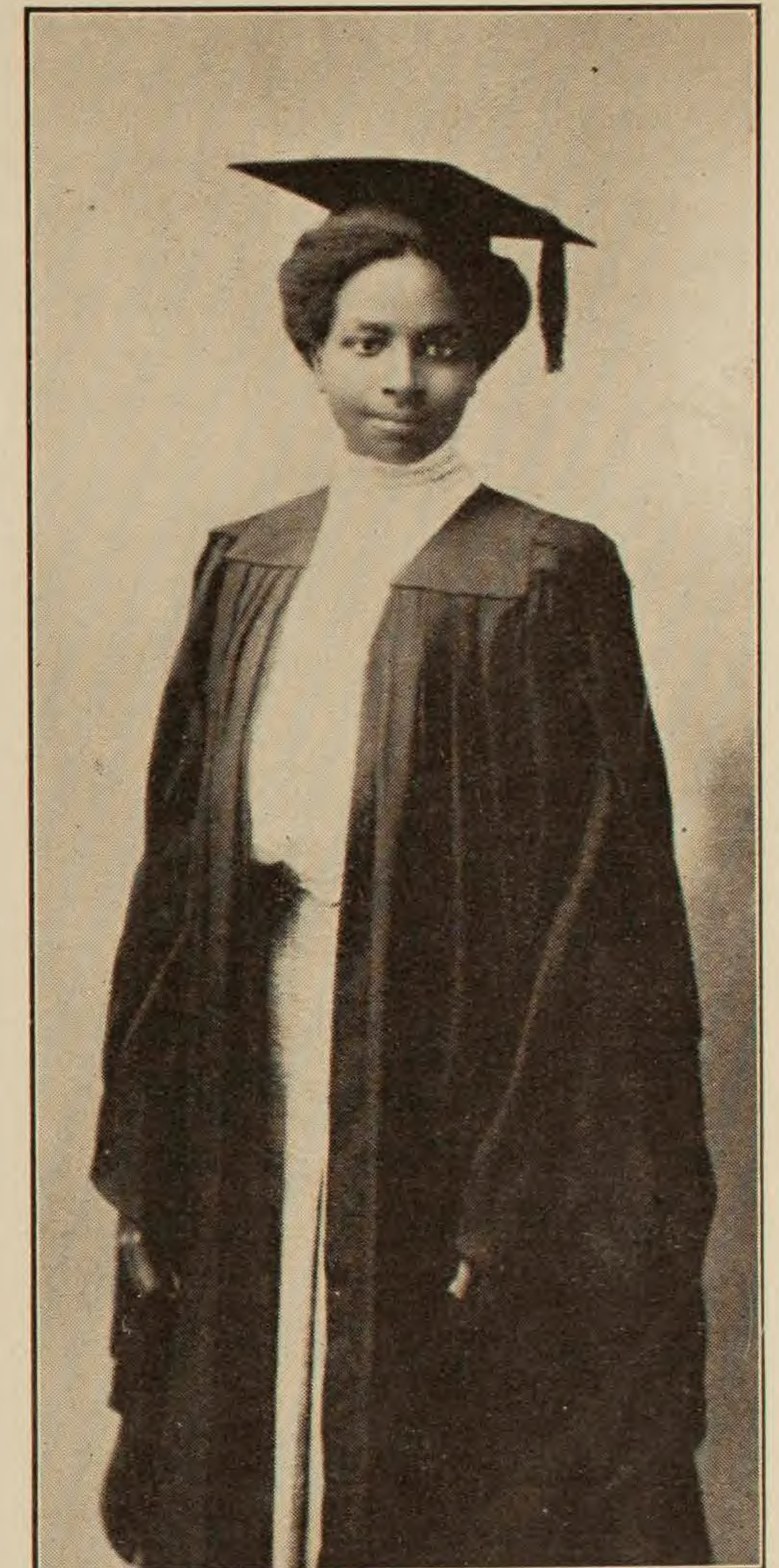
Recently these three men called a meeting of the negroes in Los

Angeles, California, just to feel the pulse of the public regarding the project, and the negroes answered the call to the number of 1,000. The leaders stood up before the multitude and fearlessly told the people their beliefs and what they intended to do—how it was impossible for a negro ever to be a man in this country, how the educated negro can never possibly amount to anything here, because he will always be an outcast unless he gets down and toadies to the white man. Then they painted the picture of Liberia, "sweet freedom's land," told of its language, its people, told how they were going back there to build a city in the depths of the great silent forests, how each family which goes is to take as many of the little native African children as possible, and educate them, civilize them and bring them up as good, God-fearing citizens.

They were greeted with acclamations, hallelujahs of gladness and "back to Africa" was the watchword of the hour. It is because of the reasonableness of the project, and the sane, healthy character and the dauntless power of the leaders that the people fell to shouting with joy at the words spoken by Rev. J. T. Hill, Rev. Dr. J. D. Gordon and Col. Allen Allensworth, the generals of the movement—generals such as few armies have. All three are born to lead and each has his particular place in the movement.

Rev. Hill is a leader pure and simple. Such men are born once in a century. He has the voice, the actions and the purpose of such a one. He draws men with him, he forces them to follow him whether they will or no. His use of the English language is perfect, and he shows the fruits of education and study.

Born in Carolina County, Virginia, his principal education took place in that state, and he graduated at the Virginia Union University, taking his Bachelor of Arts and Doctor of



A NEGRO GIRL, TAKEN FROM A NATIVE TRIBE IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE AND GRADUATED WITH HIGH HONORS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Divinity degrees at that school. He afterwards took his Master of Arts degree at the University of Southern California. Teaching has also formed part of his life work, and he was instructor in Natural Sciences at Bishop College, Marshall, Texas. This is the leading Baptist College for negroes west of the Mississippi. Afterwards he was actively engaged in the ministerial profession, and has been a pastor in Los Angeles for two years. Dr. Hill's personality has brought him success wherever he has been, and it is not at all wonderful

that the people have been wild to follow him ever since he has broached his project.

Dr. Gordon is the dreamer of the movement. It is to him that the spiritual side appeals especially, the civilization and education of the little African children. He is just as much a leader as Dr. Hill, but he is more



REV. J. T. HILL, THE FIERY LOS ANGELES NEGRO ORATOR, WHO IS ONE OF THE "BACK TO AFRICA" LEADERS

quiet and thoughtful. He was educated at the Baptist College in Atlanta, Georgia. In the early part of his life he was associated with General John V. Gordon of the Confederate service, who afterwards became governor of Georgia. Since his residence in Los Angeles, he has conducted a Bible study class, one hour of every night. It has been a phenomenal success. He is also an inventor, and has had success in this work. He is indeed a talented and well-educated man.

Colonel Allen Allensworth is an old soldier. He was born in 1842, and at the age of 20 entered the army and one year later the navy. His early education was taken at the Negro Normal School in Kentucky; his theological education at the Baptist Institute in Nashville, Tenn. He was very active in school and church work until 1885.

In Cincinnati, April 1, 1886, he was appointed Chaplain of the Twenty-

fourth Infantry, with the rank of captain, by President Cleveland. He afterwards was promoted to the position of Major by Congress, because of his having distinguished himself for exceptional efficiency, and on retirement on account of age he was given the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel for honorable service during the Civil War. He then came to Los Angeles, and secured some 3,000 acres of land, and there formed a colony of ideal homes, the colonists engaging in scientific farming. He has indeed had an eventful life and wide experience. A great thinker and student, he has made a thorough study of the conditions necessary for the colonization of Africa.

These are the leaders of but one single movement in one very small part of America. In other sections the desire for emigration has been felt. In Denver a society with the same object in view has already taken out its incorporation papers, and perhaps at some future date will join with the one on the Pacific Coast. That there will be opposition to this movement is unquestionable. No great project was ever consummated without being opposed, and it is the surmounting of these obstacles which makes the project great. The crushing down of those who are narrow-sighted and selfish gives any great undertaking a distinction and nobility.

There will be negroes who will not leave this country to go to Africa, those who bow and scrape to the white man, but the leaders do not want them. They do not want to force anyone to join the body of colonists. Let the people come of their own free will. But the first men who go over to Africa must be strong men, brave men and moral men. They must have the money to go there, because if a negro has not earned enough to pay his passage to Africa after fifty years of freedom, he will never amount to anything. The responsibility of what these

leaders are undertaking is too great for them to depend for its success on any weaklings or idlers, drunkards, loafers or renegades.

The intellectual, schooled negroes should join the ranks and there are many of them. One college in Atlanta puts out a hundred or more graduates every year, and there are plenty of other schools doing the same. Each of these negroes should feel it his duty to join these others, to become leaders in the movement if necessary, for it is better to be a first-class citizen of Liberia than a second-class citizen of the United States. That is all a negro will ever be in America.

So it is for those of the negro race who have studied their science and philosophy and mechanics, those who have taken their degrees in the colleges—it is their duty to aid with their heart and soul, with their mind and blood if necessary, in taking the negro back to Africa, back to the fatherland, back to his home.

This is the dream of these three men, this is their life aim and they will accomplish it or die in the attempt. There is another duty which will rest upon these men, and that is to develop the resources of Liberia. Here is a great fight indeed, for they will have to fight against nature triumphant, nature gone mad with victory; fight against the terrible vegetable growth of the tropical countries, fight against the fever and all the other tropical ills, but they will be able to do it because they have the means to do it and the will.

When the movement is set on foot the men intend to ask for a tract of land in the great wild place, where God is, only God and the birds and the trees; in the wilderness beside the moving waters of one of the dreamy rivers. There they will build their city and a wonderful city it is to be. Industrial schools will be established; all branches of learning will be taught. The wild people shall learn to till the land, to build their

houses, and to found a peaceable community. The men who lead have gone through the purging fires of sorrow, have learned to know the right, know what civilization means, what it is to live. They want to live in freedom and enjoy the best fruits of life; they want to get away from distinctions in race and color.



DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, THE GREAT NEGRO LEADER WHO IS OPPOSED TO THE "BACK TO AFRICA" MOVEMENT

Each man who goes back to Africa must have in his mind the firm purpose which is in the mind of the leaders, and feel the duty which rests upon him. When he reaches Africa, the "dark continent," the mysterious land, he must fight and struggle to attain that object as his leaders intend to fight and struggle. Then some day out of the depths of the forest, a great white city shall be raised, with shining towers and minarets. This city shall be terrible because it is incongruous to the terrible forest around it; so terrible will it be that it will strike awe into the heart of the trembling native as

he beholds it, until he shall think "surely these are gods who have come to destroy the forest primeval and all its inhabitants" and in fear and trembling he will go to the city and fall at the feet of the "gods." But they will not hurl at him the Jovian thunderbolt of their wrath to destroy him like the old heathen deities. They will lift him up and carry him into their house, clothe him in soft raiment, and make him like unto one of themselves. For between the uncivilized and the civilized, those who have lived apart so long, there is the eternal bond of blood and race brotherhood. In the hearts of both are the same dreams, thoughts and aspirations; only some have gone through the purifying

fires of suffering, and have come back bettered for it to educate their brothers.

Some day when the city is built, the great test passed and the few strong ones have conquered—across the restless waters will come the message to the remainder of the negro race in the United States. The real negro will hear this call, and he will joyfully return, yet regretful that he was not among the first who went to erect the magic city. Then will the people gather together, and like a great wave will the movement swell until in its roar one will hear a voice which echoes to the ends of the earth, crying "back to Africa!" Then, indeed, will the problem of race be solved!

BACK YONDER

By JOHN S. McGROARTY

Away back Yonder the wintry winds are chill,
In a winding sheet of snow lies the valley and the hill,
The patient cattle huddle in the shelter from the storm,
And the folks are all housed in 'round the fire, keeping warm;
It's a hard time they're having, and it sets a man to ponder
How glad he ought to be that he's not back Yonder.

I get to thinking of them, often, when alone,
Here with the birds and the bees' happy drone,
The flowers and the sun and the land with poppies gay;
Somehow through it all my thoughts backward stray,
And I catch myself a-dreaming of the old place, and wonder
If the skating's like it was when I lived back Yonder.

I wonder if they gather in the cold, crispy night,
With the moon's flooding glory on the fields still and white.
The lusty-throated boys and the laughing, rosy girls,
Their bright eyes dancing through their tantalizing curls,
When coasting's at its best and the ice is gleaming under
The bobsleds a-whizzing on the hills back Yonder.

I think I see the old folks gathered in the glow
Of the hearthstone's warmth that once I used to know,
The brown jug of cider of Nature's wholesome brew,
And the spoils of the orchard where the luscious apples grew;
I think, and I think, till I've half a mind to squander
The last cent I've got on a trip back Yonder.

But, of course, it's only dreaming; I wouldn't really go
Back to the howling winds, the blizzards and the snow,
Away from the flowers, and the sun and the bees,
The balm in the air, and the sunny days like these;
But I can't help knowing as far away I wander,
That there's other kind of joy, and it's way back Yonder.

Putting a City on the Map

*How D. C. Collier made San Francisco play the roll of Exposition
Press Agent for San Diego*

By EDWIN H. CLOUGH

3

JUAN RODRIGUEZ CABRILLO discovered San Diego, but David C. Collier put it on the map.

When the Portuguese navigator found San Diego in 1542 it was merely a fortuitous combination of "bay and climate"; when, 342 years later, Collier arrived on the ground, it was nothing more than "a local habitation and a name." The bay was there, with its vast potentiality of harbor facilities for a world's commerce; the climate was still "glorious"—the best of the far-famed California variety—and the civilization planted in 1769 by Junipero Serra was growing side by side with the good padre's palms and olives. Otherwise San Diego served no useful or definite purpose in the economies and activities of mankind. The bay that Cabrillo had described as "a joyous haven," was still in that condition as a port of passing yachts; the climate was simply a casual lure for the overflow tourist of Los Angeles; and the civilization established by Father Serra was monopolized and enjoyed by not more than ten thousand permanent citizens.

In 1884, when D. C. Collier came to San Diego, that section of California was the ultima thule of the western coast; a political antithesis of Siskiyou the northernmost county of the state; a name to jingle and chime with all the other names of saints that have been called to designate the towns of Southern California in musical vowels of old Spain; a theme for bards and minor poets writing ballads and lyrics of the pastoral period and the mission days. As a geographical entity, however, San Diego was not even in the Utopia class—it had no real existence and

its legendary value had not yet developed. Historically San Diego was only a footnote to the conquest of Mexico and a prologue to the vivid



COL. D. C. COLLIER

melodrama of the Far West.

As a boy Collier saw clearly the possibilities of San Diego, but he was too busy trying to "find himself" to

pay much attention to the destiny of cities in the making however promising their future of imperial splendor. Born in a log cabin in a Colorado mining camp he lived in that strenuous environment until he was thirteen years old, imbibing such book learning as the schools of the region afforded and absorbing unconsciously the hustling, aggressive, buoyant spirit of the West. For sixteen years after his coming to San Diego he tried himself out in every conceivable circumstance. He attended the local high school long enough to prove Pope's axiom that a little learning is a dangerous thing and to satisfy himself that such learning as was afforded by the San Diego high school was wholly inadequate to supplement his own course of reading from Plato to Mayne Reid and including all literature from the Book of Job to the Last of the Mohicans. Fresh from a perusal of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, and still throbbing with ambitions incited by the Arabian chronicler's description of the treasure concealed in Aladdin's cave, Collier undertook a financial career intending to grow up with the First National Bank of San Diego, beginning at the foot of the long ladder in the humble capacity of errand boy and janitor.

His genius for finance was sufficient to lift him to the position of bookkeeper and collection clerk, but as soon as he was assured that his career as a banker would lead on to fortune he quit the game and resolved to be a lawyer. His father was a lawyer and it was in the office of the elder Collier that he began his training for the bar. In the Blackstone and Coke period of his legal infancy he helped to survey the Cuyamaca railroad, dabbled with the rudiments of commerce as ticket clerk of the Mexican International Steamship company, made another brief excursion into finance as bookkeeper of the California National Bank of San Diego, acquired a work-

ing knowledge of railroad science as an employe of the Union Pacific at Denver, and mastered the intricacies of street railroad traffic as it obtains in Wort Worth, Texas.

By this time Collier was ready to be admitted to the bar. The law necessary to pass the examination was an open book to him and his father stood waiting to receive him as a junior partner in the law firm of Collier & Watson. Then Watson died and it was Collier & Collier.



COLLIER AND HIS BURRO

After that it was Collier, Pillsbury & Collier, but Pillsbury soon after retired and it became Collier & Collier again. A lawyer named Smith drifted into the firm and stayed there until another lawyer named Holcomb had been attached, thus constituting the firm of Collier, Smith & Holcomb. As the elder Collier has long since gone to that bourn from which even lawyers may not return, it is suspected that Smith and Holcomb are the only live members of the firm at the present time, for the younger Collier has latterly devoted himself almost exclusively to the herculean task of putting San Diego on the map.

These details of the life of "Charlie" Collier are necessary to show what kind of a man he is at the age

of thirty-nine and the sort of apprenticeship he has served to fit him for the great work he is now accomplishing. It is certainly no light undertaking to put San Diego on the map of the North American continent. History is largely concerned with similar effort on the part of some of the greatest men that have ever lived—Romulus put Rome on the map; Alexandria was named after Alexander of Macedon; Caesar made London a port of entry; Louis XI. established Paris as "the capital of the world;" Peter the Great built St. Petersburg in a swamp because that was the safest place for a Russian city at that time; Washington Irving probably has as much to do with putting little old New York on the map as did any of its numerous and forgotten historians; Chicago was mapped by the Columbian Exposition, but the name of the man that suggested the exposition has been "alms for oblivion" ever since; San Francisco thought she was on the map, but as a matter of fact it was not until a great disaster had wiped her off the face of the earth and the graft prosecution replaced her that she was really there; Los Angeles with her world-wide notoriety as a tourist center has achieved the dignity of a city actually on the map, owing to the fact that she has recently acquired a harbor.

Happily for the Collier purpose, somebody suggested the method of putting San Diego on the map. This suggestion was to the effect that nobody had thought of celebrating the completion of the Panama Canal with an international exposition and that San Diego might profit by such an enterprise. Instantly it was apparent that "logically," geographically and commercially San Diego was the place for such an exposition. San Diego was the nearest Pacific port in the United States to the canal; it was the first port of entry north of the canal in the United States territory, it was nearer the

"great circle" between Panama and the Orient than any other city in the United States; it was the only natural harbor except San Francisco on the Pacific Coast between Alaska and Valparaiso; it was the natural and direct transcontinental terminal for all railroads to the Pacific; and it was the "gateway of the Southwest."

Upon these conclusive and convincing arguments the citizens of San Diego proceeded to raise two million dollars with which to finance



THE COLONEL ON GUARD

their project. They subscribed a million out of their own pockets and they bonded themselves as a municipality for the other million. Still they were not on the map, and could not hope to be there until they had accomplished their purpose of making themselves "an exposition city." Then San Francisco came to their rescue and gave Charlie Collier the opportunity for which he had been waiting. San Francisco undertook to appropriate the exposition idea from San Diego. Then Collier got

busy. He organized the San Diego forces and deployed them in ambush. San Francisco walked into the trap. Instead of going about their business as if San Diego and her exposition enterprise had no existence the wise men of San Francisco immediately sat up and took notice of the southern city's intention. They feared that the state Legislature and Congress would not vote an appropriation for the San Francisco fair if two California cities were at their doors on the same errand. They tried to coax and cajole San Diego into relinquishing its purpose; then they offered to compromise; finally they assembled a convention at Santa Barbara of all the "commercial bodies" of San Francisco and northern California and "resolved" that California was unanimous for a Panama Canal exposition at San Francisco.

San Diego "stood pat" throughout, and Collier met the enemy at every point with a swift and effective

counterstroke. If San Francisco urged her "commercial prestige" Collier retorted with San Diego as "the first port of entry north of the canal" and the "port nearest to the great circle;" if San Francisco insisted that the fair belonged to her because she was the bigger city, Collier came back with the statistical information that San Diego had increased her population 40,000 in five years and that it would be 200,000 by 1915; if San Francisco argued that she was "the logical place," being the terminus of "three transcontinental railroads," Collier replied with the statement that the San Diego & Arizona railway to be completed in two years would make San Diego the only direct terminus with the cities of the eastern states. Finally, when San Francisco called a convention of "commercial bodies" at Santa Barbara to choose San Francisco as the "exposition city," Collier withheld all representation by the "commercial bodies" of



COL. COLLIER SPELL-BINDING THE POPULACE



COL. COLLIER RUNNING TROLLEY CARS

Southern California, declared the convention a "frame-up" and telegraphed to the governor of the state to pay no attention to a request for a special session of the Legislature to pass on the appropriation, because San Francisco had not "come through" with the \$5,000,000 originally pledged by that city as the basis of a \$50,000,000 exposition. Then he sent a telegram to each member of Congress informing him of San Francisco's effort to deprive San Diego of her prior and vested rights.

From start to finish Collier outgeneraled the politicians and promoters of the Pacific coast metropolis and compelled them to play into his hands at every phase of the game. Finally he arranged the so-called "Washington compromise," whereby San Francisco agreed that San Diego should have an international exposition representative of the resources of the Southwest, Mexico, Central America and South America. It was a great victory for Collier. And all the time he was putting San Diego on the map, ably assisted on all occasions by the big city that was ex-

erting every energy to remove the smaller town from its moorings under the lee of Point Loma.

No city in the world has achieved as much publicity as has San Diego during the period that D. C. Collier has occupied the position as director-general of her exposition campaign. Now he is fighting just as hard for San Francisco against the "logical" claim of New Orleans and as confident of ultimate success as he was in the first instance.

Collier is a typical Western man. He is big and broad and virile. He is a dreamer, a man of large imagination, and a poet, like all of his kind; but he is practical enough to make his dreams come true; his imagination is in the leash of his judgment; and his poems are epic realizations of carefully thought out plans and schemes. He is spectacular at times as are all the great men of the West, but like those of the Western breed he is dramatic or, perhaps, theatrical for a purpose. He owns mines of kunzite and tourmaline, and he has been known to scatter these semi-precious stones with the lavish

hand of a Monte Cristo; but when he had emptied a hat full of the gems the world knew that the kunzite and the tourmaline were exclusively San Diego products and only to be gathered from the dark unfathomed depths of the Collier mines.

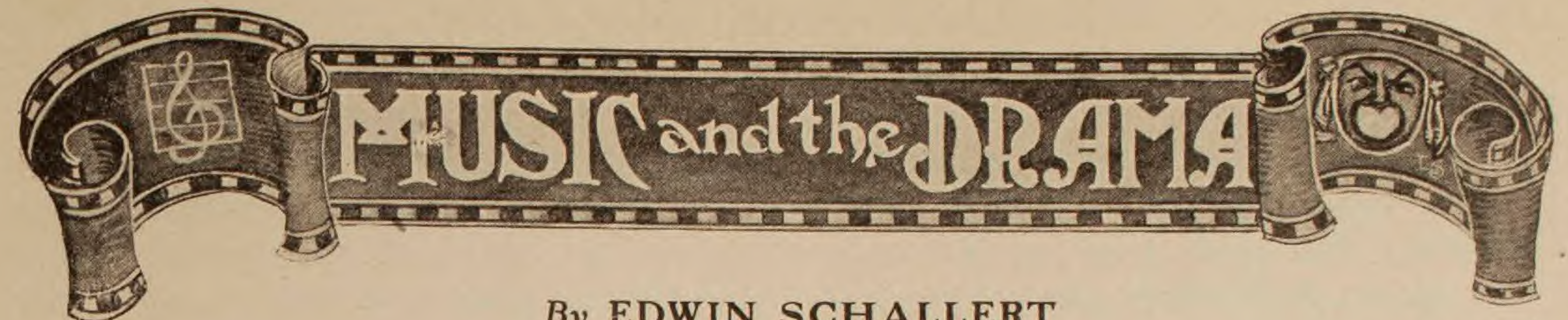
He built a railroad twelve miles long once upon a time from San Diego to the door of his bungalow overlooking the Pacific ocean at Ocean Beach, because John D. Spreckels, the millionaire promoter of San Diego, was a little slow in taking advantage of his franchise. And the remarkable feature of this transaction was the circumstance that it didn't cost Collier a cent. He procured his metal for rails and his timber for ties on credit endorsed by every banker of San Diego, and he paid his labor from week to week out of the credit of his promissory notes. And when the work was finished he sold the road to Spreckels, with more than a month to spare on his own promise of redemption of his obligations. It was not necessary that Collier should have built that railroad in this manner, for he had the money to put it through. It had

occurred to him, however, that it was just as easy to build railroads on credit as with ready cash and he saw no reason why he, an amateur in railroad manipulation, should be compelled to finance his enterprise differently from the methods pursued by the Harrimans and Goulds of the professional railroad building world.

It is freely predicted that Collier will some day in the not distant future make his debut in Congress either as a representative of San Diego or as the choice of Southern California for Senator. In the meantime, however, he is busy night and day putting San Diego on the map to stay there. He is the man that has made this town down in the farthest corner of the American republic famous, and he promises to keep the little city in the limelight until all the world shall know her as familiarly as it knows all the good things that minister to the flesh and are not distasteful even to the other fellow. D. C. Collier presents San Diego—the exposition city of California and the only perfect climate on earth.

Careless seems the great Avenger;
History's lessons but record
One death-grapple in the darkness
"Twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

James Russell Lowell.



By EDWIN SCHALLERT

AS I WRITE, the theatrical world is awakening to the fulness of its glory in America. In most parts of the nation the activities have already begun, and all the actors and actresses, concert and opera singers, are beginning to stretch themselves preparatory to beginning another season of labor. In Europe, within whose boundaries there are always hundreds of theaters open, there is not the feeling of expectancy attached to the opening of the new theatrical year that there is in this country. Europe generally has so many visitors, so many native playgoers and musicians within her boundaries that the doors have to be kept open continually for the amusement seekers. In the summer time they even have to go so far as to have a great number of festivals to supply the wants of the music lovers. And winter and summer, day in and day out, the entrance to the world of art is never closed. But in New York and throughout this hemisphere, where we are in our youth as far as art is concerned, a long period of sleep and rest is necessary to give the public a chance to recuperate from the strain of the long theatrical season. It is true that this sleep is often filled with troubled dreams, occasioned by the various summer attractions, but anyhow it is very restful. The managers, actors and aspiring playwrights awake with new hopes and new dreams of success, while the public is in condition to enjoy any new surprises which these arbiters of the artistic destiny may decide to shower upon them. How many of these hopes vanish in thin air it remains for the chronicler at the end of the year to note.

I think that it is likely that we

will have more grand opera in America this year than any year before. The Metropolitan Opera House in New York will furnish a number of new attractions, as will the opera company, which opens in Chicago, afterwards going to Philadelphia. These two organizations are closely connected and will have the usual number of good artists. Mr. Dippel, who returned from Europe some time ago expects to produce Strauss's new opera, "Die Rosencavalier" in the spring of next year.

This is said to be a most surprisingly light work for the Doctor, and resembles in its simplicity Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." Perhaps Strauss thought that the interest in himself would wane if he gave the public a third startler of the "Salome" and "Electra" type. Dippel has also secured "The Secret of Susanna," by Wolf-Ferrari, an Italian composer of genius. Besides "Henry VIII" by Saint-Saens, the famous octogenarian of France; "Quo Vadis," by Jean Nougoue, and "Nabucco," a real American opera by a real American composer, Victor Herbert; Humperdinck's "Koenigskinder," Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West," and Dukas' "Ardiane and Barbe-bleue" will be performed as novelties. The Metropolitan Opera House will probably open with Gluck's "Armide," which is rather new to this country.

Boston will have its own company, which, I believe, carries on a system of artist exchange with New York. Then we will also have the Bessie Abbot Opera Company playing Mascagni's "Ysobel," which the composer will direct. They will also tour. New Orleans, as usual, will have her own French opera. Mexico has been furnished with an operatic

organization, which has already been making a great success in that city. In San Francisco the Bevani Opera Company has been playing for some little time, and when they have finished their season there will tour the Pacific coast. Here and there in America one will find a stray company, giving good performances of well-known operas. Then one must not forget the Manhattan Opera Company in New York, which opened under Hammerstein's direction some few weeks ago, producing a light opera, "Hans the Flute Player," which was a great success.

There are a number of cities in America which support good symphony orchestras and choral clubs. Many soloists will tour from coast to coast, notably Jeane Gerville-Reache, contralto, Alessandro Bonci, tenor, Berenice de Pasquale, soprano, Liza Lehmann, composer and interpreter, Antonio Scotti, Johanna Galski and Jaroslav Kocian, the violinist.

It speaks well for the United States that her people are beginning to take a greater interest in music every year. It shows that culture in this country is fast approaching that which exists in the lands across the Atlantic. Some day in the near future every city of importance in this country should be able to support its own opera company and its own symphony orchestra. The fact that several of the largest cities have done this shows that we are fast approaching the era when all large cities will do it. There are plenty of home-made artists who should make good in these organizations, and we would not have to import all our talent from foreign lands.

Now let us see what the managers and dramatists have prepared for us in the way of plays. First let us gaze at those brilliantly shining, isolated bodies called stars. Each season when the new theatrical night begins, they rise in their splendor full of hopes that their effulgence will

far surpass that of the former years. How often those hopes fade as the fog of a poor play obscures their radiance. O ye of the lesser ranks! Ye chorus girls and supers, and e'en ye whose dainty feet have not yet touched the magic ground of the wonderland behind the footlights, but have dreams—aim high! Gaze into the far celestial regions. Heed not the dim constellations whose combined light oftentimes makes such a brilliant display. Look beyond. Some day you may be a star of the first magnitude. (Poor stars!)

Behold the noble "Chantecler," or rather Maude Adams—because for the time being they are the same—will make the sun to shine upon the world of histrionic art. Monsier Rostand's long awaited play will, mayhap, as my gentle reader peruses these pages, be pleasing or displeasing the blasé New Yorkers. This is the notable event of the season. All other things pale, wither and vanish into nothingness at the mention of the magic name of this play. Voila "Chantecler!"

The mention of Rostand brings to mind "L'Aiglon," and "L'Aiglon" brings to mind Sarah, the Divine; who is to be in our midst once—once more. Voila mes larmes! Sothorn and Marlowe, who, last year, were members of the New Theater Company, expect to return to the stage in their old standby, Shakespeare repertoire. They will produce "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night" and "The Taming of the Shrew." Their combined work in the dramas of the Bard of Avon is not to be despised. Another thing which can be said to their credit is that they generally have a very good supporting company. This important factor is often sadly lacking in the case of some of those who produce the works of the great dramatist.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will have a new

play by Rupert Hughes. Mrs. Fiske will also have a new play by Langdon Mitchell. Arnold Daly, the staunch supporter of George Bernard Shaw—an almost unknown English dramatist—will, if nothing else turns up, produce "Candida," "You Never Can Tell" and "Arms and the Man," by the Irish Bard of London town. Perhaps Mr. Daly will devote his talents to "Hamlet," but then "you never can tell."

Billie Burke is now touring with "Mrs. Dot;" later on in the season she expects to have a new play by Caillavet and De Flers, who were responsible for her former success, "Love Watches." More Shakespeare will be unearthed from the dusty shelves by Frederick Warde, who will present "Timon of Athens." Forbes-Robertson, who quite won the New Yorkers by his excellent interpretation of "The Third Floor Back" in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by Jerome K. Jerome, will continue in the same play this year. He will make an extended tour, which will include the greater part of the United States.

There is no necessity for saying anything about Robert Mantell, because he will usually play the dramas which are said to have come from the pen of a certain gentleman, who once resided at Stratford-on-the-Avon. People in all parts of the nation are familiar by this time with the work of this man, who ranks as one of the foremost interpreters of the master's works.

John Drew is already playing "Smith," by Somerset Maugham. Mary Boland is associated with him as leading lady in the production. Ethel Barrymore will play "Mid-Channel," by Pinero, her last year's success, for a while at least. Later on she will probably have a new play. Olga Nethersole, who has been sojourning in Europe, may come back across the waters this year. If she does she will appear in repertoire.

George Broadhurst will very likely

supply the vehicle for displaying the talents of "Nat" Goodwin, who expects to return to the stage this season. Elsie Ferguson, who made a great success of "Such a Little Queen," that very charming comic fantasy by Channing Pollock, has a play entitled "A Matter of Money." Frank Mills will be her leading man. Several seasons ago he played with Olga Nethersole and demonstrated the fact that he is a very good actor. Frances Starr still continues in "The Easiest Way," Eugene Walter's best and worst play.

This is the fourth season for Mr. William H. Crane in George Ade's comedy, "Father and Boys." Heaven only knows when he will stop. Speak of David Warfield and you think of "The Music Master," which he will very likely play for the rest of his mortal life and maybe after he joins that select community who dwell in "The Houseboat on the Styx." Another long-lived play is "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," which May Robson is starring in for the fourth season.

Blanche Walsh will be seen in "Barbarossa," by J. Hartley Manners. Mabel Taliaferro has a play called "The Little Mother," by that excellent dramatist, Porter Emerson Browne. The same playwright's drama, "The Spendthrift," which quite surprised the New York public last year, is due for another year's success. Edmund Breese and Thais Magrane are leading the company in New York. Thais Magrane played the role successfully in the West before reaching New York. A second company has been touring in the play, headed by Lionel Adams and Doris Mitchell.

There are a number of successful plays of last year which will be continued this season. Francis Wilson will play "The Bachelor's Baby," written by himself, and which has pleased the theatergoers. He will very likely tour with this piece. "Madame X," a thrilling high-class

melodrama by a French dramatist, will be continued for another season, starring Dorothy Donnelly in the name part. A second company will tour in the play. Wilton Lackaye has been touring in "The Battle," by Cleveland Moffett. This is the fourth season for "The Man from Home," in which William Hodge is starring. "The Fortune Hunter," one of the most successful plays of last year, will be continued with John Barrymore as "star." Another company with Thomas W. Ross will play the same drama in Chicago, and then tour the West. Another old success is "A Fool There Was," by Porter Emerson Browne, author of "The Spendthrift." Robert Hilliard is starring in this play. "Cameo Kirby" is destined for another year of life, with Dustin Farnum in the lead. People in other parts of the United States than the East will be able to see "Alias Jimmy Valentine," one of the most successful plays of last year. It is founded on a story by the late O. Henry called "A Retrieved Reformation." John Mason will probably continue to play "The Witching Hour." Max Figman is due for another season in "Mary Jane's Pa," and Sis Hopkins—I mean Rose Melville—will continue in the play just mentioned for the twelfth season. (O what's the use?) Henry Miller will probably produce, for a time at least, "Her Husband's Wife," by Augustus Thomas.

There are two plays which did not prove successes last year but which will be continued: "The White Sister" and "On the Eve." In the former Viola Allen will tour and in the latter Hedwig Reicher. Hedwig Reicher will probably have a new play later called "The Vagabonds," by Ramsey Morris.

Alla Nazimova has been touring in plays by her beloved Ibsen and some new ones. Otis Skinner has a new play by the author of "The Duel," Henri Lavedan. The name of the

present one is "Sire." It was a great success in Paris and let us hope that it will have all the virtues of "The Duel" with none of the faults. The fate of Percy Mackaye's new and sometimes brilliant comedy "Anti-Matrimony," has by this time been decided. Miss Henrietta Crossman began her New York season with it some weeks ago. Guy Bates Post is touring with Edward Sheldon's play, "The Nigger," which made such a marked impression at the New Theater last year. Mr. Sheldon is a young dramatist of great ability.

Maxine Elliot will have a play called "The Inferior Sex." Grace George will be seen in "The Best People," by Frederick Lonsdale, Blanche Bates in a new play; Gertrude Elliott in "The Dawn of Tomorrow;" George Fawcett in "The Fighter," by Hillyards Booth; Charlotte Walker in "Just a Wife," by Eugene Walter. The last named was a success during the preceding season. Walker Whiteside is touring in "The Melting Pot," by Izrael Zangwill.

The great defender of sex drama, Laurence Irving, will visit this country again with Mabel Hackney. He will play a drama called "The Unwritten Law" by himself, and probably some of the jolly old Brioux plays. Let the new New York public regale themselves with pleasure on the enlivening works of this gentle dramatist, and they may probably find out about the terrible evil of bringing wet nurses in from the country to Paris, and the unhappiness resulting from free love when there is nothing but the infatuation of the two participants to hold themselves together, etc., etc.

Lillian Russell will have a new play called "In Search of a Sinner." Broadway never raves over Lillian, but the rest of the world greets her with a great deal of pleasure. Annie Russell expects to have a new play, as does William Faversham, after he gets through touring the West with

"The World and His Wife," an old success. Kyrle Bellew will be seen in "The Scandal," by Henri Bataille, which made a success in Paris; May Irwin in "Mrs. Jim," by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson; William Collier in "West," a play by himself; Amelia Bingham, who was in London last season, will return to this country and will probably revive some of her old successes like "The Climbers," "Fedora" and "Tosca."

William Gillette, who has been absent from the stage for a year, will bring to life some of his old plays. Two plays, the fate of which has been decided by this time, are "Miss Electricity," by William Gillette, in which Marie Doro is starring; and "Decorating Clementine," adapted from the French, in which G. P. Huntley and Hattie Williams are playing the leads. Robert Edeson will again play the part of an Indian in "Where the Trail Divides," which is dramatized from Will Lillibridge's novel. Margaret Anglin is tired of playing "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," and wants a comedy.

Percy Mackaye will be represented again by one of his early plays, "The Scarecrow," in which Edgar Selwyn will star. Marie Tempest will have a play called "A Thief in the Night." This is the fourth season for "The Traveling Salesman." Rose Stahl will still be seen in "The Chorus Lady" if she can secure nothing better; and Bertha Kalich in a couple of foreign plays; James K. Hackett in repertoire, and Virginia Harned in a new play if possible, but in old ones like "Camille" if not. Emmy Dunn will play "Mother" by Jules Eckert Goodman.

Fred Terry and Julia Neilson will come over to this country fresh from London triumphs, and will present "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "Henry of Navarre." The New Theater opened with "Blue Bird" early in October. The incidental music to the

play was taken from that of Debussy. The company which produces this play is not the regular New Theater Company and the latter will begin its season late in October.

A large number of other old successes will be continued this year. Some of these seem to be immortal judging from the length of time they hold the public's interest. Among them are "Ben Hur," "Way Down East," "St. Elmo," "Checkers," "Graustark," "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Man of the Hour," "The Servant in the House," "The Clansman," "The Dollar Mark," "The Great Divide," "The Girl from Rector's" (O shame!), "The Third Degree," "Seven Days," "The Virginian," "The Lily," "The City," "The Gentleman from Mississippi," "In the Bishop's Carriage," and quite a few others.

Besides there will be a large number of theatrical mixed drinks. All kinds of cocktails, highballs and other "gemischter schnaps" will be served in great quantities. I am referring to musical comedies and comic operas. Taken in small doses these concoctions always produce a certain amount of exhilaration. Frequently indulged in they are likely to give one a headache, a bad night or perhaps "katzenjammer." I have no doubt that if one became a chronic imbibor of these delightful artistic beverages the result would be delirium tremens. Plenty of them will be at your elbow, admirably mixed and suited to the taste of the greatest connoisseur.

Richard Carle will be on hand with "Jumping Jupiter;" Marie Cahill with a new musical comedy; George Cohan with something new; Montgomery and Stone with "The Old Town;" Raymond Hitchcock with "The Man Who Owns Broadway;" Frank Daniels with "The Belle of Brittany;" Lew Fields with "The Summer Widowers;" Fritz Scheff probably with something new after she finishes playing "The Mikado;"

fancies I ventured quite near the water's edge. Each footstep left its delicate tracery in the sand, and at once there fitted to my mind a childish memory of Robinson Crusoe; how on his desert isle his heart was made to thrill at sight of strange foot-marks on the shore. But to me such foot-prints held a deeper significance, for as I watched them, behold, in an instant, they faded away. Like unto man they have their birth, for a mere instant they exist, and then anon vanish and death leaves no token of their past. Men labor for fame, vainly toiling to carve a few indistinct markings in the sand of time, when, alas, their efforts and the monuments are as momentary as foot-prints on the ocean strand.

I gazed upon the sea, musing on its vastness. I tried to pierce its surface with my eyes and read that secret which everywhere is written along its bottom in dead men's whitened bones, in rusty cannon, piles of armor, in huge chests of gold and sparkling jewels, in wondrous sunken ships with green slimy sides, open ports through which the fish swim, and all about the scattered remains of man's mute tribute to the sea.

No longer tarried I, for the tide having run its length now sought the beach again. Once, twice, thrice, the angry waves would have wet my feet, but I, too nimble for such tricks, each time escaped safely to the drier land. Not only did the tide threaten, but I noticed the sky began to assume a darker shade. The wind

asserted herself, hurling playful blaste over the land and out across the sea, howling as if in conscious delight. Soon the dark shadows became a cloud, numerous black mists arose, blending themselves in one; livid streaks appeared to chase each other across the sky, meeting and vanishing. Accompanying it the thunder pealed out its deafening roar. But the sea! Behold the sea! Where its smiling countenance? Its peaceful ripple? Gone! I know not where. The sea is singing—cancion del mar. Not that melody it tuned at morn. I can grasp the words it chants or rather screams for so loudly roars the mighty ocean as it crashes on the rocks that broken verses are fairly thrust into my ears. These are the scattered words I catch:

"Beautiful ships on the bottom of the sea; thousands of noble and cursed men, treasures, wrought silver and gold, and pearls strewn on the bottom of the sea. Ships, men, treasures, all on the bottom of the sea."

And the turbulent ocean lashed itself into greater foam and fury as it shrieked repeatedly: "All on the bottom of the sea."

The wind cut keen on my cheeks, the cold beating rain quite chilled my mind and body. I fled hurriedly from the scene, but as I rushed away the ocean's frantic song still beat upon my ears.

The song it sang was—Death!



Bungalow Built with Boulders and Shingles

By HENRY MENKEN

It is a good thing that in building as in everything else, tastes vary. Imagine the tiresome monotony of a village street on which every house was exactly like its neighbor. Fortunately for the sake of contrast, and for the beautifying of our towns and cities, the tastes of many housebuilders incline toward ruggedness in exterior construction.

Where boulders or cobblestones are conveniently at hand the rugged effect is readily attained.

The bungalow here illustrated is a good example of a well balanced use of cobblestones and shingles, and the result is an artistic, attractive home which should be built in almost any part of the country at a cost well inside of \$2500 complete in every detail.

The house has a frontage of 34 feet, just right for a 50 foot lot, and will look well on either a level or an elevated location. Of course vines and plants will much enhance its beauty.

Entering from the broad porch, one stops a moment to admire the quaint oak front door with its glass panels. The living room is large, with a cozy front nook. It has an oak floor, beamed ceilings and a broad, comfortable looking fireplace and mantel, located where it will best warm the room, and make an attractive showing from both living and dining rooms.

The dining room is large with oak floor, paneled wainscot and built-in buffet; it opens from the living room through a wide buttressed opening with drop beam.

The breakfast room opens out on the back porch and is a convenient feature which is rapidly growing in favor. Of course if necessary this could be used as a bedroom instead. The bath room is well arranged to open from the two bedrooms, as well as from a small hall. The front bedroom has a long wardrobe closet which the illustration does not show, and there is a fine linen closet opening from the hall.

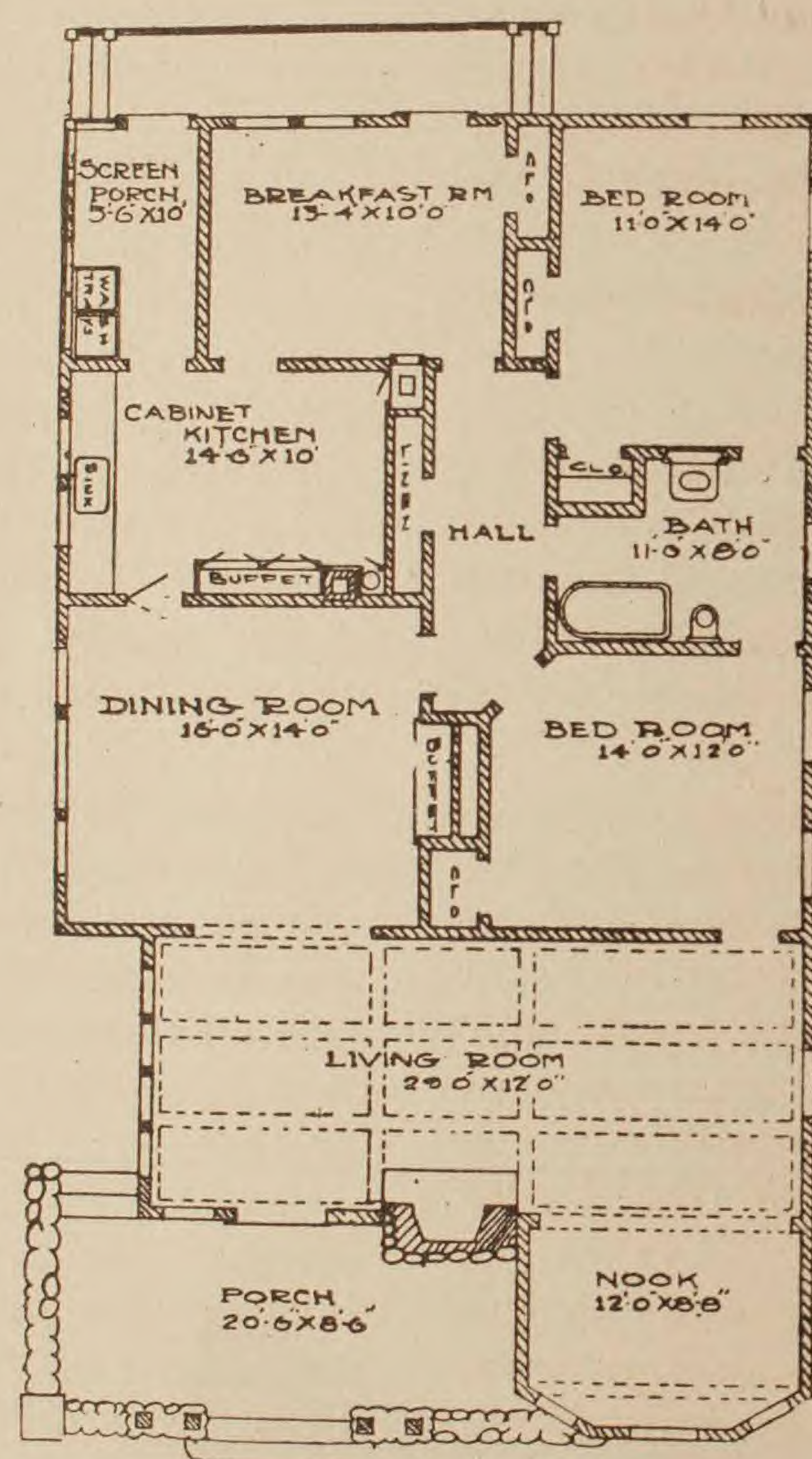


The kitchen is built in full cabinet style with closets, cupboards, bins, etc., and there are stationary washtubs on the screen porch.

Of course, the painting etc., is a matter of individual taste, but we would suggest a dark gray stain for the shingled walls, with dark red trimming and moss green roof. Inside walls are finished in hard wall plaster, with carpet float finish tinted with exception of the bath room and kitchen, in which the walls below the chair rail are finished smooth, marked off to imitate tiling and enameled white.

If boulders cannot conveniently be had this house can be worked up beautifully in brick (preferably rough clinker brick.)

The cobblestones are pointed up with a dark red cement mortar, and the porch floor and steps are also of dark red cement.



Just here is a good time to remind all who contemplate building with cobbles or boulders that there is a right and a wrong way of laying them. The right way and the way to produce the best effect is to lay the wall with a rich lime and cement mortar, and while the mortar is soft to rake out the joints deeply, as deep as the absolute safety of the structure will permit, say three inches. Then point smoothly with colored cement mortar, leaving deep joints. Mortar for pointing should be mixed only soft enough to work well, and thus spattering and soiling of the stones is avoided.

Those who are interested in bungalow or cottage building can have inquiries replied to by personal letter. All inquiries of this nature should be addressed to the Bungalow Editor of this magazine.

MARGOT

By MRS M. W. LORAIN

CHAPTER VIII.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

In silence the couple walked onward. The sun was setting, and in the late light of day the mountain ranges in the distance took on enchanting hues. Marguerite paused, bidding Jim look backward. To the east the Twin Buttes purpled in the twilight. Above the fields, where cows, knee-deep content, were clustered in the alfalfa, white-sailed windmills turned in the uncertain breezes to question each point of the compass complainingly.

"Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles—

Miles on miles,"

murmured Marguerite, idly plucking one of the watta-moties drooping over the ditch. She trailed the willowy wand beside her as she walked on, holding her gown from contact with the soil.

As the path narrowed Jim dropped behind his companion, his eyes bent on the ground. They passed a water-hole where a horse stood at luxurious ease; farther afield a cattleman was bunching his steers. "Coo-oo-ee, coo-oo-ee!" The long vocals rose and fell plaintively on the hushed air.

In a revery Marguerite brushed the trailing watta-motie over a tarantula den without observing it.

Instantly two venomous little monsters darted out in silent but vindictive rage. With a warning cry Jim started forward. But one of the tarantulas was already on the heel of Margot's shoe. It was too late to do anything but bring his foot down firmly against her heel. At the same moment, with one arm about her waist, he swept her from the ground. Her shoe fell to the dust, the mangled

tarantula still clinging to it, while close to the hem of her gown ran its angry companion.

With the girl pressed to his side Carleton sprang across the ditch and landed in some moist ground, before she knew what had happened.

"Oh, what is the matter with my foot?" she cried, clutching his arm in pain and fright.

He kept his arm about her as he answered: "I can't put you down here—it's mud to your ankles. I hope I didn't hurt you very much? That's what was happening; it was on your shoe." As he spoke he pointed to the tarantula.

The girl shuddered. "I deserve it for wearing those slippers," she said; "put me down and I'll walk in the mud to pay for my folly."

"Don't be foolish," Carleton chided her gently. "I'll carry you up here a bit and go back and kill the other one. Put your arm across my shoulder—so—and I'll have you back in the road in a minute."

With such grace as she could muster Marguerite obeyed, thinking, with a smile, "It ought to have been Dick who rescued me in this romantic fashion."

She was glad, nevertheless, that it was not Dick, who would probably have carried her much farther than was necessary before re-crossing the ditch. This she knew Carleton would not do, and, with her head against his broad shoulder she clung to him with a confidence that could not have failed to touch the man. For a moment his glance swept the soft cheek so near his own, then he turned his head and walked sure-footedly along the bank until he reached a place where he could cross without jumping.

Putting Marguerite down beside a

tall, slim ash, he said: "Look out for scorpions, and don't put that foot to the ground till I bring your shoe."

He went back up the path, lifted the slight thing that had been so rudely torn from the girl's foot, brushed it off and slipped it into his pocket. He picked up a stone with which to crush the surviving tarantula, and for a moment poised the missile; then he tossed it lightly into the ditch. A man does not kill the thing that, for even five short minutes, has sent him into Paradise.

"Does your foot hurt very much?" he asked, stooping to slip the shoe in place.

With one hand on his shoulder Marguerite steadied herself as she answered gratefully: "Not nearly so much as it would had you been less prompt." But she winced as he fastened the buckle across her instep.

"I wouldn't have believed I could be so brutal," Jim mourned, looking at her with miserable eyes. "I might have killed the thing with my hand—"

"You did the only thing you could," interrupted Marguerite, half angry, half amused. "And if you look like that again I'll cry," she threatened.

She would have limped uncomplainingly along, but Jim insisted on her taking his arm.

"By the way, I want your advice," said he presently. "You know I used to practice law. Ainslee has offered me a partnership—"

"Oh, you'll accept, of course? Do, do!" she urged.

"I think I shall," he said, choosing his words carefully. "One could hardly be associated with you as I have been this year and feel no stirring of ambition. I believe you are an inspiration to everyone you come in contact with. Moreover, I've permitted the past to hamper all my life. For the future—"

"The past? You never did anything—"

"Dishonorable? No; but I've made mistakes, and until recently I've thought them fatal. Now I do not see why I may not yet shape my life to something like the life I used to dream of."

Marguerite looked with admiration into the handsome face, where a new earnestness had erased all lines of care. The man's eyes sparkled; his carriage was erect. Was this the Jim whom she had known so long? And had she had some part in the change that had been wrought? It was kind of him to tell her, and she said so. "Tell me about it," she added, leaning unconsciously closer to him.

He drew her hand to a firmer resting place on his arm as he answered gratefully: "There isn't much to tell—now. Someday—when—" He closed his lips, as if resolutely forbidding utterance to the words upon them; and Margot, always a careful respecter of her friend's reserves, asked nothing further.

They finished the walk almost in silence; only once when Margot stumbled he caught her quickly, with a little exclamation of solicitude.

When they entered the country schoolhouse the farmer folk were beginning to gather. Jim seated Marguerite at a table near the speaker's desk and then mingled with the crowd. There were a few women, but the audience was chiefly composed of men—ranchers whose crops had failed for lack of water; cattlemen whose herds lay dying around caking water-holes. They were assembled to discuss their grievances against the canal companies.

Flaring oil lamps lit the place dimly, throwing a strong light on a few faces in the front rows and leaving the others in shadow. The sheriff was seated at a child's desk, his knees drawn nearly to his chin, and behind him was a woman dressed in a gown of rich black cloth. Her face

drew Margot's wandering glance. It was a face of worn, disdainful beauty, framed in a wealth of dark hair. Her somber eyes were mournful, fascinating; but she was not so pleasant to look at as the farmers' rosy wives, for a certain arrogance of glance and gesture marred her.

When the chairman rose to introduce the first speaker Jim whispered to Marguerite: "That's Louis Verde, the county recorder, and chairman of the central committee."

He was an uncouth man of pallid countenance, crafty little gray eyes and a calculating mouth. Broad dark rings under his eyes lent an unwholesome cast to his features, which to the accustomed eye bore the hallmark of the half-breed Mexican.

The words of the farmers were plain and homely, and Margot had no trouble to report them. "Water, water," was the burden of their cry. The canal companies were denounced as corporations that sought to wring the ranches dry; but when, after three or four farmers had spoken, an officer of the canal companies was discovered to be present, the crowd, laughing and insistent, called on him for a speech.

Clever, witty, and not in the least abashed, the man rose to address them. With a characteristic love of "square dealing" they listened to him, and at the close of his speech gave him good natured applause. Then they called for Verde.

The chairman came forward to talk glibly of storage reservoirs, of water-right deeds, of prior rights, of riparian rights, and the rights of the American citizen, sir! Suddenly, as he swelled in bombastic oratory, a woman's voice called out solemnly, "Amen!"

Somewhat disconcerted, the recorder paused. Curious glances were cast upon the woman—she who had attracted Marguerite's attention. As the speaker paused, Jim looked up.

Verde quickly recovered himself

and Jim's pencil again moved rapidly across his note book.

When the crowd rose to depart the woman in black stood motionless in the outgoing throng and lifted her voice. The people paused, but after the first words turned away in displeased silence, their breadth of good-nature too narrow to tolerate fanaticism.

"O Lord! Thou hast listened this night to blasphemers, who have gathered together, not to exalt Thy holy name, but to quarrel, to laugh, and to jest, and to forget Thy awful Majesty. They pray, not to Thee, for the water that would flood the earth at Thy behest, but to their gods—the men of money and power. What shall their answer be? Drouth, drouth, drouth everlasting! Burning, withering, damning this unrighteous country and them that dwell therein!"

A passing youngster laughed and trod on the woman's gown. She gave no heed, but the sheriff's hand shot out to leave its impress on the boy's cheek. The next moment Jim was at Orne's side and speaking low; the sheriff nodded as he moved away.

Again the woman raised her voice in fierce denunciation: "Dogs have compassed me; the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me. They look and stare upon me!" She turned to face the man who stood with bent head beside her; and with cutting emphasis she added: "But to the righteous the Lord is very good. He has given me the necks of my enemies, that I might destroy them that hate me!"

Having ceased, she swept from the room, now deserted save for Jim and Marguerite.

"O Mr. Jim, that was splendid of you!" cried the girl as he assisted her into her wrap. "Do you know her?"

"Yes," he answered thickly. "Orne's here with his buggy," he added. "I'll find him and you can ride home—to spare your foot."

"Oh, it's only two blocks to the street car. Let's go home that way. I want to hear all about your plans."

"My plans," he repeated dully. "My plans? Oh, I only dreamed a dream, Margot!"

She thought he used the affectionate little name unconsciously. At a loss she stood beside him without speaking till the sheriff drove up, when Jim assisted her into the buggy, and bidding them good-night, turned away.

Orne did not start immediately, but, the lines slack in his hands, sat gazing after the man walking away from them—the young man who moved slowly and stumbled in the darkness like a drunkard.

"That's the whitest man I ever see," said he blowing his nose violently. "I've known him all his life pretty nigh, and he's—he's a damned good man!"

CHAPTER IX.

JACK'S PLACE.

The sun was shining. With baleful glance he glared through the courthouse windows; with hot delight beat into the courthouse bricks; with radiant energy blazed upon the garden. Jim's shades, awry, were drawn to the windows' height. Jim, in his shirt sleeves, was slouching over the dusty table, from which Chis, dangling his bare brown legs, was embellishing for the reporter a story of the streets.

"You swear beautifully, Chis," drawled the man in cynical amusement, tossing the boy a quarter.

Hardly had he uttered the words when they became aware that Marguerite was standing in unsmiling silence at the door. Jim jumped up, struggled into his coat and gave her good-morning.

"Good morning," she responded, icily. It was as if she had flung the formality of "Mr. Carleton" at him.

The man and the boy looked at each other guiltily—an exchange of glances, which under different cir-

cumstances, Marguerite might have found highly entertaining. Now, without her accustomed pretense of scolding about the general warmth and untidiness of the office, she seated herself without removing her hat. This omission alone would have sufficiently conveyed to them the sense of her disapproval.

While Jim, a trifle awkward, cleared the table, Chis with a furtive glance at Marguerite sidled up to the man. What meant this dreadful silence, this ceremonious propriety? Was it thinkable that his divinity could be angry?

"Is she—she isn't mad, is she?" he whispered.

"Oh," wailed Jim, "we've done it, Chis, we've done it! We've sworn in the presence—"

"You didn't," sturdily defended the boy.

"I did worse," Jim groaned. "She'll forgive you, especially as you didn't know she was here. But as for me—"

He broke off to shake his head dolorously and throw Marguerite a glance of pleading. She refused to meet it, and Chis stepped bravely forward.

"Jim never told me before that a feller didn't swear in the presence," he began. His attitude, his words, his very gestures, were an unconscious and irresistibly comical imitation of Carleton. In spite of herself the girl's mouth twitched.

He continued: "I s'pose it's like taking your hat off, but he never told me before." Chis repeated the words of unintentional blame in self-extenuating accents, adding: "I'm sorry you heard, Miss Stone."

"It wasn't my hearing that made it wrong, Chis," said Marguerite, melting at once, "though it grieved me to hear it. And it isn't exactly like wearing your hat. There are times when it's right to keep your head covered; never a time when it's right to swear."

"Never a time—" He left the end

of his wondering sentence in the air. "Say, Jim, did you know that?"

"I'm in the dust, Chis. Get out your fiddle and play for my forgiveness."

With a grin of comprehension the boy drew his bow across the strings of his violin. That he should have a thorough mastery of finger action, or an accurate technique, was not to be expected, but using his bow with a light and graceful ease the boy displayed no heaviness of wrist, no awkwardness. The divine spark of music kindled at his birth had quickened into that vast inner radiance, which, without effort, sheds its rays in the splendor of melodious sound.

First he played a tender, pleading air, which smoothed the austerity from Margot's brow; and he as well as Jim noted the effect it had upon her. He followed the melody by a graceful, tripping rhythm, prankishly suggestive of rustling leaves and dripping water—of a life teeming with fun and mischievous frolic. As the time quickened tiny storm effects were interwoven—whispering breezes, plashing rain drops, just a hint of thunder, and now and then lightning flashes—a tempest in fairyland it seemed.

Thus was Marguerite's lost serenity taken captive and restored to her on waves of melody.

As the little violinist turned away she cried out gaily: "Good-bye, Chis Templeton!"

"Good-bye!" How his eyes brightened, how his cheeks glowed, with what self-respect he held up his head as she called out his name—her name!

Alone with the girl, Jim cast aside his veneer of frivolity and lifted his eyes to hers where, this time, responsiveness met his mute appeal.

"Who shall say what that gift of a name to the nameless may mean?" he murmured. "Who can guess at the possibilities, the ambitions, it may breed? If you have no scrap of respect for me," he added with

humility, "it's small wonder, when you spend your time in charity like that while I—"

"Don't talk to me of charity," she interrupted warmly. "You've taught me broader charity than any that I ever dreamed of!" She gave him her hand across the table and he put it to his lips.

They turned soberly to the lesson then, and worked till Jim suggested: "Let's try the Socialist Labor party's speeches tonight. You're doing great work now."

"Very well," responded Marguerite, "I suppose I can't have too much practice."

"Good. I'll call for you after dinner."

At dinner Mrs. Orne had news to retail. "Delia Long was over here this afternoon, Miss Ma'greet, an' she told me sech a curious thing." "Orne," turning to her husband, "do you know who 'tis that plays in Jack's Place? They say Jack has a man in his saloon that beats anything you ever heard to play the piano. They say he draws crowds an' the place is filled to overflowing every night an' no one knows who he is, for he keeps his collar pulled up an' his hat pulled down. It's the most mysterious goin's-on I ever heard of."

"Why, mother," laughed the sheriff, "you're makin' a cavern out of a gopher hole. I don't see nothin' so mysterious about it. I'll bet a front tooth the man's some respectable feller"—with expressive hands Mrs. Orne protested against the adjective—"that's on his uppers, and he's ashamed to be seen playin' in sech places."

Dismissing with this simple explanation the mystery of the bar room the sheriff turned to Marguerite. "So you're goin' to the Socialists' doin's tonight, be you, Miss Ma'greet? I reckon you'll hev some fun. You're not goin' alone, be you? Their meetin's are held on the south side."

"No, I'm going with Mr. Carleton."

"Nary a word to say, Miss Ma'greet, nary a word to say. Wherever you go with Jim Carleton you go safe an' protected. I s'pose Jim has his faults—bein' human, he must. But I'll be dog-goned ef I know what they be!"

The Socialists' meeting place was a private residence—if a lowly adobe may be so designated—in the Mexican quarter. Jim and Marguerite, taking their way through Chinatown, passed little groups of Mongolians, who lolled at ease on their doorsteps, and little groups of Mexicans standing idly in front of corner bar-rooms. Here, too, were a few gaudily dressed women and dirty children.

As they approached their destination, they became aware that a lively disturbance was taking place. The defeated Socialist candidate for mayor was forcibly holding his gate against a group of men on the outside. Louis Verde, everywhere currying favor in these days, for he, too, was a candidate for office, was remonstrating against their inhospitable reception. Near him stood a man in a white sombrero, while on the fringe of the crowd stood the fanatic who had interrupted Verde's speech at the schoolhouse. Silently scornful of the unseemly tumult, of the people, of everything but herself, she stood alone, the only woman in the crowd except Marguerite.

"I wonder why she comes to such places," said Marguerite.

"A mania—no doubt," answered Jim.

In the end, the man so vigorously denying entrance to his home, triumphed. The man of the sombrero loudly promised the people a different welcome at his own home, and as they turned to follow him Jim and Marguerite stood aside. Last of all to pass them was the woman in black. She passed close and looked straight and searchingly into Marguerite's face. A swift, but comprehensive

look, it bore no message of ill-will. Just beyond them, however, she came to a full stop and turning, let her gaze sweep Jim with a slow and insolent contempt that conveyed all of arrogance and disdain that a gaze can hold.

Gravely, courteously, Carleton lifted his hat. The woman's eyes blazed, and, averting her face and drawing herself more haughtily erect, she swept on.

Marguerite drew a quick breath. Without comment, Jim gave her his arm again and they followed the slender, black robed figure swaying gracefully ahead of them in the glare of the street lights.

They entered the house where he of the sombrero was already launched on a characteristic political speech along the line of his convictions. He spoke roughly but with a rude eloquence, and once under way kept the reporters' pencils flying. Speaking of the manner in which vagrants were treated by the city authorities he had got as far as, "They are arrested by corrupt officers, instigated by corrupt citizens, tried by a corrupt court, and sentenced by a corrupt judge," when from the audience came a loud "Amen!"

The speaker faltered; but, wiping the perspiration from his brow, resumed: "When his term expires, the vagrant is still a vagrant; the city has been improved at his expense, the constitution has been violated, and—"

"Amen!"

Again the man paused, and again resumed his speech; but the solemn "amen" sounded the death knell of his eloquence. Mischievous boys took up the word, and to the utter confusion of the man made the house ring with it.

Jim kept his eyes on his note book, and Marguerite noticed a veil of pain settling over his face. The room was filled with the mocking voices; but when the woman with perfect self-possession arose, and it became evi-

dent that she would address the speaker, all noise was hushed.

With her eyes fixed on their host, now altogether collapsed under his embarrassment, she began: "'Lo, mine eyes hath seen all this, mine ear hath heard and understood it. Ye are all forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value. Oh, that ye would altogether hold your peace, and it should be to your wisdom!'"

Verde stepped to the woman's side and remonstratingly urged silence.

Both Marguerite and Jim looked up.

The woman's face, in its refined, ascetic beauty, was quite calm; only her eyes were sparkling with a fitful fire. Distinctly, her high voice carrying well, she replied to Verde's protest: "I felt an irresistible impulse to speak, sir."

"Well," came the man's rough answer, "if you interrupt the meeting again I shall feel an irresistible impulse to put you out."

With disdainful gesture and even voice, the woman responded by invocation: "Lord, set thou a wicked man over this one; 'when he shall be judged, let him be condemned; let his days be few; and let another take his office. Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow; and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out.'"

With an angry exclamation Verde laid his hand on her shoulder. Instantly Jim was on his feet and beside them. The politician let his hand drop and took a step backward, his head hanging. He started when Jim raised his arm, but as the reporter only pointed to the door he slunk out. A little ripple of applause was followed by silence. Marguerite was leaning forward breathless.

Jim turned to the fanatic, and for a long moment man and woman—she with defiant head flung backward, he erect and quiet—faced each other. Under his steady gaze her wild eyes wavered and drooped. He spoke to her in a low tone, and she moved by

his side to the door. Chis, arrayed at last in all the coveted glory of braid and brass buttons, had been hidden in a corner helping to swell the "amens." Jim beckoned him and bade him see the woman safely home.

The meeting broken up, Jim and Marguerite started for home; but the girl felt debarred by her friend's manner from referring to the recent incident. How bowed he was, how wearily he walked! This was the first day she had seen him since that night at the school house; and now, embarrassed for a safe topic, she asked him if he had accepted Ainslee's offer.

"Not yet," he answered.

As they gained the main street of the town, the sound of singing reached them. It was a woman's voice floating out from one of a row of bar-rooms, where the half-doors were held wide by the stream of men flocking into the place.

In front of the door Marguerite stopped short. Jim would have urged her forward, saying: "This is no place for you," but loth to lose a note of the voice that was luring the crowd she hung back. For a full minute at a time the swinging doors tapped against the wall without closing.

Margot caught a glimpse of the bar, of glasses upon a shelf, and well to the rear a piano at which a man was seated. His back was toward the door, his overcoat collar was drawn up and his hat was pulled over his face, in effectual disguise. Near him stood Prudence—the only woman in the place.

In shimmering silk, and with her cheeks slightly flushed, she was the most beautiful woman the girl had ever seen. The liquid notes of her drinking song filled the room and floated luringly out into the street. She was swaying gracefully and clinking her tiny goblet against the glass of a neighbor at the end of each line.

Bewitched, Marguerite hardly realized that she was standing in front of a bar-room. But no one noticed her. All were attracted by the exquisite face and the exquisite voice of the singer. Although the words of the song were not yet ribald, Jim kept urging Marguerite to depart.

"Just a minute," she begged, hanging back.

The song was drawing to a close when a man's voice took it up. The crowd joined in the closing lines and swelled the sound till the words were lost in the roar. Jim breathed a sigh of relief. As he drew the girl away she gave a little apologetic laugh.

"I never really looked into such a place before. So that's where Prudence sings—what a voice she has! But I thought she'd given it up—that sort of life."

"She tried to," answered Jim, "but she couldn't get anything else to do. Besides, she's led the life so long I almost doubt if she could exist without the excitement, the admiration, the applause that have grown to be more than food and drink to her."

The singing was silenced now, the noise had died away; only the pianist still held the people by the spell of his playing. Jim and Marguerite turned into a side street, and the music stopped. As they turned the next corner a man emerged from the rear of the bar-room. He glanced searchingly about and started down the alley. This soon brought him into the same street with the couple, who had turned again and were going northward. At sound of his footsteps Jim glanced over his shoulder. The man was coming directly toward them when suddenly he stopped, glanced hastily up and down, and started away in the opposite direction. During the moment he had paused the full glare of an arc light had been on his face.

"Look," said Carleton grimly. "Who is it?"

"It looks like Mr. Morgan!" answered Marguerite.

CHAPTER X.

THE STORM SPIRIT.

There was a note of resistance in the girl's voice. She had grown into an irritable consciousness that Jim feared her acquaintance with Morgan might ripen into intimacy. She resented this the more as she felt it to be unwarranted by her own sentiments, which, when she stopped to analyze them, resolved themselves into one emotion.

Music always held her in a golden bondage, and so far as she connected the man with his art she admired, even revered him. Aside from that she found him with an easy flow of small talk, attentive in the little courtesies that flatter every woman, respectful, observant of her comfort. That Jim and Dick did not like him was to be regretted merely because it is regrettable that all one's friends should not be congenial to one another. But Marguerite reflected that this is a common grievance, and gave the matter little thought.

For a few minutes the couple walked along without speaking. The murmur of leaves overhead, the swish, swish of the ditch beside the walk, were the only sounds. Beyond the town, across the dip of the desert, loomed the blue mystery of the mountains. In the darkness they seemed pressing nearer to the little city as if, under cover of night, they would steal a swift embrace. In the morning they would be afar, separated by all the distance imposed by daylight and intervening miles of sand and cactus.

Jim, quick enough to feel Marguerite's unspoken resentment, nevertheless pursued his questioning: "Did you see that he came from the rear of that saloon?"

"No. And what if he did? It's nothing to me. Besides, he'd be different from the rest of you South-

westerners if he never entered a saloon."

"What, by the back door?" Jim retorted.

"Oh, your distinctions are fine," she evaded.

"It wasn't the manner of his exits or his entrances I referred to," hinted Carleton.

"What was it, then, you meant?"

"Only that Jack seems to have as great a drawing card in his disguised pianist as the Episcopal church has in its organist."

"Now, Mr. Jim," she cried in vexed understanding, "I don't believe a word of it. Why, he's a member of the church!"

"The more reason for hiding his face," argued Jim.

"Who said it was he? I don't believe it. You're so suspicious—and you dislike the man so, you can't do him justice. I believe you're jealous!"

"Jealous!" Carleton, startled out of his self-possession, bent over Marguerite in study of her unconscious face.

"Yes. I never yet saw the man that couldn't sing a note himself who didn't envy and dislike the men that could."

"Why, Miss Marguerite," cried Jim, throwing back his head with a hearty laugh, "I can sing—hear me! Tra la, la lala, turriluri la!"

"There!" she triumphed, "you're only proving my point. And I wish you'd quit talking to me about Mr. Morgan. I don't care what he does—he's nothing to me, nothing at all. If he were anything more than the merest acquaintance—my music teacher—it might be different; that is, if you had any foundation, except your absurd prejudices, for such suspicions."

"I have the foundation of common sense, reason, intuition, worldly experience, the evidence of my own senses—the entire combination."

"Even so, how does it affect me?"

"If you knew it was he who played

in that bar-room, wouldn't it affect you?"

"We can't be sure that it was he. And I don't believe it was. He's a member of the church."

At which repetition of her reason for disbelief, Jim laughed sardonically. "If you knew it was he would you continue to associate with him?"

But Marguerite met him squarely with: "You show no lack of charity for the erring; why should I?"

"But it's quite a different thing, Miss Marguerite."

"Oh, yes, it always is."

Thus silenced, Jim gave up the argument, and they walked without further conversation until a threatening scroll flashed through the northern sky. They had not before noticed the darkly curling clouds now massed heavily above. A raindrop splashed through the leaves, another and another. The breeze, grown to a lusty wind, lashed the trees furiously, and the rain came rushing down.

"Let's run for the corner," Jim proposed.

Accordingly they made haste to gain the shelter of a deserted adobe, under the crumbling balcony of which the Salvation Army had already taken refuge. Here torches were flaring and tambourines sounding while the drum was beating a loud tattoo. Water was dripping from the red and blue costumes of the women and from the men's hat brims, while one man, kneeling on the sidewalk, prayed fervently and long.

Jim and Marguerite went inside the house, which consisted of but one room and that quite bare. The windows had long been gone and the mud walls, once whitewashed, were now discolored by age and misuse. Here and there patches of the smooth surface had fallen away, leaving exposed the brown pores of the adobe. The blotches on the once fair face of the building, which under the canker of idleness had gone to its ruin, made it look like a creature diseased.

This was the first storm of the sea-

son. From the deep window where Marguerite looked out they could see the little group of devoted men and women on the sidewalk; while far away loomed the dark ruggedness of Camel Back and Squaw's Peak, their stern faces lit momentarily by streaks and sheets of lightning.

Marguerite gazed on the trees now writhing under the whip of the wind, upon the fierce electric writing on the blackboard of the heavens. The Storm Spirit quickened within her. The air was charged and its current thrilled through her veins. Her eyes sparkling, her nerves pleasantly tense, she longed for something to try her mettle against. To have rushed into the rain, struggled with the wind, flung defiance at the lightning, would have been the wildest delight.

The blazing wrath of the heavens was rending a pathway through the clouds; the thunder was bellowing louder; the rain fell in sheets, and the wind, veering, drove it under the balcony. Before the fury of the storm the worshipers retreated.

Pressing into the room and not heeding the couple in the window-seat, the "soldiers" formed a circle. Something of the electrical influence that was working in Marguerite seemed to have entered their hearts, and they raised their voices against the voice of the tempest, shouting praises to the Lord.

At first Marguerite did not turn. Only when Jim, with a sigh, sank deeper into the shadow, his head drooping, did she face about. There, in the center of the room stood the tall, majestic woman by whose side the girl had twice seen him protectingly take his place in public.

At the door stood Chis. He had been commanded to see the woman home, and had she chosen on her way to cross the desert and the mountains he would have crossed them too.

The fanatic, in her clear voice, which carried well even against the inrush of wind that swirled in eddy-

ing gusts through the decaying building, was giving her "testimony." In this company her words, appropriate to the people and the occasion, fell on eager ears and seemed unusual only because of the correctness of English and the accuracy of quotation that marked them.

That the woman's bearing was not humble, that the light in her eyes was not sane, that her tones rang with arrogance, these folks of a simple faith did not observe. It was by one obviously not of their world that the words of adjuration were being uttered. The fashion of her elegant though plain attire made their triumph in this convert the more exultant, and when for a moment she paused they raised joyful hallelujahs.

She silenced them by a gesture, and again her voice rose in combat with the elements. The girl at the window was standing now. The storm had lost its spell, but the forces it had bred within her were at their height. She bent her eyes on the man sitting beside her. He seemed fallen to pieces—the mere shadow of the man that had entered the room with her. The lines on his face, deepening, had aged it in a flash by many years. He looked hopelessly weary, and in the gray depths of his eyes she read a helpless sort of protest.

Why this scene should mean anything to him Marguerite did not know; what it meant, was written plainly on his face. She slipped out through the low window and put her hand into his.

"Come," she whispered.

Jim lifted his head, but instantly the fanatic faced them.

"Stop! Turn not away from the Word! Harken to the promise of the Lord. He will wash away the blood of your scarlet sins. Stay and be sanctified in the Lord, for he will grant even you absolution." Pausing, she stepped close to the window.

Margot felt Jim's fingers tighten

round her hand. Responding to his unconscious appeal the girl fastened her gaze on the wild eyes of the woman who, under the exaltation of a perfervid religious enthusiasm, seemed hardly conscious of her surroundings. But whatever power the afflicted woman possessed over Jim was more than counterbalanced by the will of the girl who stood dominant beside him, her young hand pulling him toward her, her young face turned toward the flare of the torches. She kept her eyes on the woman's as she had seen Jim do, and presently the fanatic turned uneasily away, toward her admiring companions.

"Come," whispered Marguerite again, and the man obeyed.

She was thinly clad, and without a hat. Once the wind and the rain struck them, Jim remembered; but Marguerite gave him no opportunity for self-reproach. "Oh, I love it," she cried, "I love it!"

In the darkness she felt Jim throw off his coat and wrap it around her; felt the touch of his arm as it held her from slipping in the mud. His weakness had brought out her strength; now he was drawing new vigor from the spirit that beat so close to his own. And the rude touch of the weather was tonic; the slap of the wind and the dash of the rain were bringing him to himself. Margot, as she slipped off the coat at her door, felt a light touch of lips on her hair, and heard a murmured "God bless you" as Jim turned away.

CHAPTER XI.

CHIS'S ACCIDENT.

After that night Jim settled back into his old careless ways. He refused the proffered partnership with Ainslee, and his indifference to all the ends ambition strives for grew more marked than ever. Through Mrs. Wynkoop, Marguerite heard that he was drinking heavily, and even while turning a deaf ear to her informant the girl knew that there

was some foundation for the gossip. She felt, too, that Jim was avoiding her and all she stood for, as opposed to his indifference, his laxity. And this change in her friend would have grieved her still more deeply had not nearer interests sprung up to sweep it from her mind.

Dick had won the nomination. During a lull in the campaign he made Marguerite another visit, finding her this time at her office work. As they walked home together, she told him sedately that she was very glad of his success.

"Oh, the battle isn't won yet," he returned, his voice dropping as he added: "You can't think how much the final outcome means to me, Margot. I've hitched my hopes star-high."

It was growing dusk along the pepper-tree walk; they were sheltered by the drooping branches, which almost swept the ground; and Dick drew her hand through his arm as he spoke. Whereupon Marguerite developed a sudden interest in politics which kept the conversation in a safe channel until they reached home.

The sheriff, too, was interested in Dick's electioneering. "Have you made the southern part of your county yet?" he asked as they sat at supper.

"Yes, last week," answered the young man. "You know I have mines up there. I've just paid for this year's assessment work on them," he added ruefully.

Orne laughed as he replied: "Well, ef you gamble in the bowels of the earth you're sure to drop some cash. Bet a front tooth you're tryin' to get somebody else to drop some, too."

Dick admitted that this was so.

"Knew it," chuckled the sheriff. "Onct a feller owns a hole in the ground he feeds it every cent he can beg, borry, or steal—gets into the hole himself an' drags all his friends in after him, ef they'll be drug."

Alone with Marguerite, Dick reverted to the subject.

"Speaking of the mines, I won that lawsuit, Marguerite."

"Oh, I'm so glad! And has it made your reputation, Dickie? At least, it will help you in the election?"

"Success is the only stepping stone to success; and the case wasn't appealed."

"Has Prudence got the money yet?"

"I put the check into Carleton's hands this morning."

"Then he is your Jim Carleton, too!"

"Yes. Mr. McCline left the choice of a trustee to me, and there's not a man living in whom I have more confidence than I have in Jim. He has the highest sense of honor. Besides, Prudence will be guided by his judgment. I think there was a time—years ago—when he was something of a hero to her. As for him—I don't know. But when she was just a pretty child, I—well, I liked her myself."

Dick delivered himself of this little confidence with an awkward laugh, which Marguerite met with a silence as awkward, hating herself for her inability to take the confession with the lightness it deserved. She covered her discomposure by asking:

"Does your sister know about the money?"

"Yes. And she's thoroughly angry at both my client and me. She says he had practically promised to give the money to a foreign mission. I believe, in order to keep the peace, he finally deeded something else to the church—I can't imagine what; I thought the rest of the property belonged to his wife."

Presently, as if unable to get away from the disagreement with his sister, he burst out: "This going clear round a church to do good is what I can't understand. Lucy isn't a bit like Howard; he was always giving to the 'undeserving poor'—"

As the young man broke off abruptly, perhaps feeling that his irritation had led him beyond the bounds of good taste, Marguerite asked gravely: "Did you quarrel with your sister, Dick?"

"Well, I'm afraid I was rather nasty," he acknowledged. "At any rate she didn't say good-bye when she came down here the other day. By the way, after her last visit to Phoenix she told me she'd seen you at some public gathering—she recognized you from that little photograph I have—but that as you were with someone she particularly disliked, she didn't introduce herself. If it isn't impertinent—?"

"I don't know where she saw me, but probably I was with Mr. Carleton."

"Oh!" was Dick's only comment.

"Haven't you made up with her yet, Dick?"

"No," he grinned, "although I called this afternoon at her hotel to apologize for the way she'd treated me. She wasn't in."

"Will she be here long?"

"That depends on her own fancy. Won't you call while she's here? I want you to know each other."

"But do you suppose she'd care to meet me just now? If she's not friends with you—" She broke off, blushing and biting her lip.

Before her adorable confusion poverty and discretion took wings. Dick was beside her, pouring out his heart in incoherent words when a knock at the door brought a sudden and unwelcome interruption. Marguerite sprang up and crossed the room, trying to veil the sparkling of her eyes as she opened the door.

When the light streaming across the newcomer's face revealed Mr. Morgan, Dick muttered something under his breath. But he was not lacking in the social instinct, and making amends for his rudeness on a former occasion, he actively seconded Marguerite's efforts to start a felicitous conversation. This time

the talk flowed smoothly, each gentleman having occasion to plume himself on his share in the conversation.

At the end of a half hour when Marguerite was enjoying a sense of triumph over her success in blending such uncongenial spirits into a semblance of amity, Morgan turned to her with "There's a picnic tomorrow, Miss Stone—an impromptu affair. Your name heads the list feminine, which is quite long enough; but we're short two men, and rely on you to supply them."

Marguerite said promptly: "Dick, you've no scruples against a Sunday picnic. Stay and go with us. I'll telephone Mr. Carleton and ask him too." She was on her way to the telephone and glanced back saucily over her shoulder to ask: "You'll stay if he promises to go, won't you?" And Dick was not slow to give the obvious compliment with his promise to stay.

The telephone was in the next room, and the men heard her ask: "Mr. Jim? It's me—I. Of course. There's to be a picnic tomorrow and we want you—what's that? Nonsense. Dick's going—isn't that an inducement? Oh, thanks, it's nice of you to say so. That's settled then. Be here by eight. I'll get Chis too. Good-bye."

If Dick had agreed to spend another day away from his business in the hope of getting further speech in private with Marguerite, he was destined to disappointment. The day was passed by the river. On the way out of town they had picked up Chis, and when no other obstacle to confidential talk presented, he was under foot.

Dick got a little tub of a boat and asked Marguerite to row with him, but the tub quickly developed a leak. He proposed a walk up a neighboring loma, and a dozen others joined them. His further efforts were equally futile. Even when they were starting homeward and he had successfully maneuvered for a seat be-

side her he was not permitted to keep it.

"Oh," wailed Delia Long, as Morgan assisted her into the back seat of the tally-ho, "I've left my parasol." And the wail being directed toward Dick, he got out and ran back for the forgotten article. On his return he found Mrs. Wynkoop, Chis and Jim in the seat with Margot. There was a place for him on the back seat between Delia and Morgan. He took it with the smile of a villain.

The seat between Dick and Marguerite was filled with girls who had ridden out in another conveyance. Directly in front of Marguerite were two girls with Jack Long, Delia's brother, between them; while the driver, a consumptive youth they had hired with the team, sat alone.

The sun was setting as, cutting across the desert, they headed for the Tempe Butte and the better road to town. Here woodchoppers had been at work and besides cutting mesquite had felled a pepper-tree. The air was pungent with the odor of its broken bark and trampled leaves. The canal was wavering rosily under the last rays of the sun, and the birds were beginning to nestle down for the night. Only one little black fellow, with a scarlet top-knot, called saucily from a giant suagara to Chis, who, producing his sling, turned to do deadly damage.

"Look at that, look at that!" he shrieked, dancing on his knees in the seat. "I shot him, I shot him—right in the yolk of his left eye!"

The boy was having the most hilarious time of his life, and Marguerite had to tug at his jacket in order to keep him from tumbling into the laps of the people behind. But no sooner had she got him settled than he was peering into the seat ahead, where he kept his gaze riveted until Jim took him by the collar and re-seated him, chanting softly: "Thou shalt not rubber, neither shalt thou stretch thy neck."

At the words two hands that had been as one were hastily withdrawn from each other's clasp, while Jim and Marguerite exchanged glances of amusement. Back of them, Delia was chattering without cessation. She turned to Dick vivaciously.

"Isn't that Mr. Carleton just too awfully handsome!" she effervesced. "You'd never dream he had anything terrible on his conscience, would you?"

"I don't suppose he has," answered Dick drily.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Wynkoop told me today—"

"Mrs. Wynkoop," interrupted Dick. "Pray what has she to say of Carleton?"

"Why—why, I don't believe she really said anything. But she gave me the impression that he had been one of the bold, bad men of the Southwest, with a private cemetery or something of that sort, you know."

"Ah," drawled Dick. "I'd always heard that Madam Grundy was a *nom de plume*; glad to learn the lady's right name."

"Then there's nothing in the story?" asked Delia in a tone of disappointment.

"Nothing but the voice of scandal," Dick assured her cheerfully, peering round the girl in front of him in order to get a glimpse of Marguerite.

"Do you think it's polite to call her a name like that?" asked Delia. But Dick, his gaze on the tip of Marguerite's ear, failed to answer.

Thereupon Miss Delia turned her attention to Morgan, who proved more interested in the gossip than had their seat mate. He found out nothing more definite, however, than the "private cemetery," of Delia's imagination. Evidently, Mrs. Wynkoop's venom had spent itself in vague insinuations.

Before the sun had fairly set the moon came up and hung, a milk-white disc, above old Camel Back. As the after-glow flamed in the west

and the disc rounded into an orb of gold that sent its light to blend with the flush which spread halfway across the sky to meet it, Jack Long began in a mellow tenor:

"Oh, I never, never more, with my true love shall stray

By the bright, silvery light of the moon."

The chorus was swelled by a dozen voices; but when Chis added his high soprano to the general outburst it rang above all the others.

Leaning forward, Morgan muttered: "By Jove, that boy sings well!" Then, carefully pitching his own voice so that the boy's would still be heard he joined in the melody being flung across the desert.

Chis, too happy to sit still, was on his feet half the time, and when the spirited team, startled by the unusual gaiety, took a swifter gait, it was with difficulty that Marguerite saved him from a fall. As the horses, now giving the driver some trouble, turned a corner the tally-ho tipped, and hung for a moment on two wheels before righting itself. There was a chorus of screams, but the boy, delighted at this element of danger, stood up in order to get a better view of the horses. They had begun to calm down when an automobile puffing fussily along came up behind and passed them.

The animals plunged aside; again the vehicle swayed, and this time Chis lost his balance and fell. The shrill screams of half a dozen girls increased the fright of the horses, which now leaped madly forward. The driver's utmost skill availed only to keep them in the road. He was tiring, and as a second round of shrieks went up he turned an appealing face.

Instantly Jim put his hand on Jack's shoulder, saying: "Give me footing there, old man."

Quickly he got across the seat and mounted beside the driver, catching the lines as they dropped from the youth's nerveless fingers.

Both Dick and Morgan had turned

to look down the road, where Chis lay limp and quiet, just as he had fallen. At the sight Morgan rose, as if to jump, but when Dick touched his arm in caution, he sank back, one hand clutching at the seat rail.

The horses, yielding as much to Jim's steady voice as to his skilful handling of the lines, were gradually brought down to an even gait. As soon as he had them under control he swung them round and started swiftly back. Dick was in readiness to jump the moment the horses should stop; so too, was Jack Long, but Morgan was out of his seat and in the road before the wheels had ceased to revolve. When the others came up he was bending over the boy.

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

Chis, lying flat on his back and blinking up at the moon, answered scornfully: "Aw go on, I'm jest waitin' to be picked up." And wait he did till Dick set him, unhurt, upon his feet, when he trotted back to the tally-ho and Jim, who was soothing the horses.

"The little beggar!" chuckled Morgan. His attitude towards the boy's impudence was nicely calculated. It was a letting-down that took the edge off the situation. That it cost him something to turn the phrase lightly Marguerite was quick to note, while the fact that he had been first to cover his polished boots with the dust of the camino real was so out of the line of his usually self-centered conduct that buzzing comments went up from the other girls as they regained their seats.

"Oh," said Jack Long, "he knows Miss Stone's daffy about the youngster, that's all. It was a play to the house."

Oddly enough, it was Jim who defended Morgan's motives. "I think you do him an injustice," he said. At the same time he collared the chief actor of the day who was climbing over the wheel, and lifted him

to a seat beside himself where, without ornamenting his speech, he gave Chis plainly to understand that his performance had been far from admirable.

"Oh, Jim's scolding him!" cried Marguerite, who, with Dick at her side and Morgan not far ahead, was the last to come up.

"Surely, under the circumstances, Miss Stone," began Morgan in a low tone, "a little irritation's only natural—in Carleton, you know."

Dick favored the speaker with a long stare, while Marguerite found herself struggling with the vaguely unpleasant impression left by this apology for the man who, logically, should have been the hero of the day. As a matter of fact, it was Morgan who seemed to have the center of the stage—Morgan, who had so skillfully checked his own speech in the moment of reaction.

"Hurry, there, Dick, or you'll miss your train!" called Jim.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RECEPTION.

The next day after office hours, Marguerite called at the hotel. After she had sent up her card and had been told that Mrs. Howard was in, it was with some trepidation that she followed the bellboy upstairs. At the landing she heard her name and turned to see Morgan.

"I suppose we're bound for the same place, Miss Stone."

"I'm calling on Mrs. Howard," said she.

"So I surmised," he smiled as the boy paused before an open door.

Mrs. Howard, standing just within the room, had her head turned to receive the farewells of two or three departing guests. Marguerite caught a glimpse of a tea table, presided over by Mrs. Wynkoop and a younger matron of her acquaintance. Behind a row of potted palms in a farther room musicians were keeping up a soft accompaniment to the ripple of talk and laughter, chiefly

feminine, which tinkled through the apartment. A dozen people were streaming toward Mrs. Howard to make their adieus; on the stairs was the rustle of as many newcomers. It needed no second glance to tell Marguerite that she had timed her call inopportunistically. But it was too late to retreat. She was already in line with the late arrivals.

The moments of waiting she occupied in studying her hostess, who was dressed in a gown of rich red velvet that set off to advantage her dark beauty. She was tall and graceful and had a high-bred manner. And when Marguerite had got that far Mrs. Howard turned her face fully toward the door and her arriving guests.

Then was the girl seized by an uneasy sense of having lived that moment through in some previous existence. Those dark eyes had looked into hers before—had fallen under her steady gaze. Faintly, as from a distance she heard the sound of tambourines mingling with the fury of the storm that beat upon a deserted house—heard the wail of wind and the lashing of tree-tops.

The shock of the revelation made it seem unreal. This elegantly gowned and handsome woman, with jewels nestling against priceless lace might well be Dick's sister; but—she, the religious fanatic, the habitue of political gatherings? It was incredible. But there was scant time for wonder. Marguerite, raising her eyes, for Mrs. Howard was taller than she, heard herself being welcomed by name.

"I didn't know you were entertaining," she murmured apologetically.

"Just an at home, my dear," smiled Mrs. Howard, "and it will soon be over. You and I must know each other better. Stay after the others leave." And with a pat on Marguerite's hand, which she had retained as she was speaking, she released her and turned to the others.

As Margot entered the room Jack Long hastened to meet her.

"You don't want any of that tea do you, Miss Stone? Come here and listen to those girls—they imagine they're talking literature."

As the two came up to a little group they heard Delia gurgling out: "Don't you think George Eliot is just grand?"

"I consider that man's books unsuitable for young ladies to read," interposed Mrs. Wynkoop, who had also joined them.

Morgan turned to Marguerite with a grimace that upset her gravity while Long bridged the awkward moment with: "I like Mrs. Wharren better. Don't you think she's clever, Miss Stone?"

"Clever, but cruel," responded Margot, preparing for the avalanche of exclamations that was imminent. Mrs. Wharren, the author of a day, wrote extremely improbable short stories. "I'm sure she must keep her characters awake nights thinking up all those brilliant metaphors they sprinkle so liberally through their conversations."

"Speaking of metaphors," began Morgan, "I heard Ainslee mix one in great shape the other day."

"Sounds like a cocktail," murmured Jack in Marguerite's ear.

"Lawyers—" Mr. Morgan would have continued, but an authoritative voice interrupted him.

"Lawyers are perffessional hair-splitters. Mr. Orne told me so onct, an' he said he'd ruther split rails fer a livin'."

"Why, Chis, where did you come from?" demanded Marguerite in amazement.

"From behind those pal-ums," answered the boy literally. "I been playin' with the other men. I got tired. What I want to know is, whose hairs do they split an' what do they do it fer, an' do folks pay 'em to do it an' why don't they split their own? It's easy to be a lawyer. I split—"

His voice was drowned in a shout of laughter, and Mrs. Howard coming up, beckoned a maid to take the child to the refreshment room.

"Orne's definition of lawyers is more polite than the usual play on the word," said Morgan, but Margot raised her eyebrows.

"Oh," said she, "flings at the 'perffessional hair-splitters' here?"

Mrs. Howard, who had turned toward another group, called back sweetly over her shoulder: "I don't mind the flings, Mr. Morgan. I never heard one that was undeserved."

"Oh, by Jove, it's her brother that's a lawyer, isn't it—the man with the manners!" said Morgan.

"Why didn't you come earlier, Marguerite?" asked Delia.

Mrs. Howard, who seemed to have an ear for everything, saved her from the embarrassment of a reply by saying lightly:

"Oh, you little butterfly, Marguerite has other things besides our frivolities to attend to."

The girl flashed the woman a grateful glance. Only Mr. Morgan, smiling over the heads of the others, seemed to realize that Mrs. Howard had prevented the necessity of an awkward explanation; and from his smile Marguerite turned away distastefully. Sharing secrets with her music teacher appealed to her no more today than it had done six months before.

As the last of her lingering guests said good-bye Mrs. Howard drew Marguerite to her side. Morgan, who had loitered, took reluctant leave of the two, and they were left alone together.

"A charming man," said Mrs. Howard playfully after he had bowed himself out. "And he knows a charming girl when he sees her."

Drawing Marguerite toward the window she looked down kindly into her eyes. "So this is the little girl that Dick—"

But Marguerite was shaking her

head in laughing confusion, and Mrs. Howard spared her the rest of the sentence. "They tell me the boy violinist is a protege of yours?" she substituted.

"Oh, yes; how did you come to get him?" asked Marguerite.

"I asked Mr. Morgan's advice about the music, and he sent the boy to me. Mr. Morgan is a man of discriminating charity. In most men the freedom that life on the frontier engenders results in much that is far from desirable. They learn, for one thing, to look too leniently on the vices of others as well as on their own faults. Such a standard of morals as Dick has, for instance, keeps one from a truly religious conception of life—from a proper discrimination especially in matters of charity."

Somewhat embarrassed, Marguerite hastened to say: "I'm glad Mr. Morgan has followed Mr. Carleton's example in trying to help Prudence's child."

There was a sharp change in Mrs. Howard's tones as she asked: "You don't mean to say that that boy is Prudence McCline's child?"

Marguerite nodded yes. She was beginning to realize that such softness as Lucy's face seemed to possess was but the effect of her dress with its delicate lace, and the fashion of her coiffure. In repose, her features were severe. Her eyes hardened brightly as she turned them on the girl.

"I wouldn't have had him in the house a moment had I known," she said with marvelous intolerance. "Of course, Dick has told you of the plans he and his friend," with a sneering emphasis, "have for reclaiming that scarlet beauty of the streets! A fascinating employment, truly, for two young men."

Her face dyed crimson, Margot answered quickly: "I am sure they mean to do right."

"Unfortunately, good intentions have nothing to do with the saving of a soul," rejoined Mrs. Howard

authoritatively. "Only the church should deal with such matters. Merely to lift the woman's body from the slums is nothing. Her soul remains black unless it be washed in the Sacred Blood."

In Lucy's eyes a fitful fire was beginning to glow. Her voice and manner had grown arrogant. But, in her rich gown, her eyes like the hard jewels that flashed with every turn of her head, with every movement of her slender hands, she was fearfully beautiful. It is not a pleasant experience to look upon the transition from sanity to madness, and Margot watched it now in fear and pity. The lovely face and form had lost their plastic lines and become rigid as the woman poured out her words in a frenzy. Of all she said Marguerite gathered the import of little but this:

"Unless this sinning woman, like the Magdalene, believe in the Crucified One, all her efforts will be useless—she will be damned, everlastingly damned! Be not deceived by these men's lies. They would destroy for you all hope of salvation. But I will save you! Here, here, I consecrate my life to the service. I cast aside these baubles of a worldly vanity, and dedicate myself to the work!"

As she spoke she tore the rings from her fingers, the diamonds from her hair, and cast them upon the table. "Nevermore will I go attired in soft raiment; I will dress in sackcloth and ashes! This velvet—this lace—"

She was tearing at her throat, her fingers tangled in the meshes of fine lace, when Marguerite went swiftly to her, took the slim hands in her own, and coaxed her to a seat. Presently Lucy's frenzy passed away. She brushed her hands across her forehead, and mechanically picking up the rings pressed them back upon her fingers.

"I hope—I have not bored you," she said at length, drawing her

breath with difficulty, an uncertain smile trembling on her lips. "I have ever turned to religion for consolation, and sometimes—sometimes—"

She shivered, rose, and extending her arms slowly lifted them till her finger-tips touched her head.

"Sometimes I feel that I am God's chosen instrument—that I shall soon be called to work His wrath. Surely there is some great work for me to accomplish for the Lord!" Again she paused, turning to Marguerite. "You—you understand, do you not?"

Her bearing had lost its haughtiness, her eyes were sane once more. She sank into a chair and her face, left pitifully blank and pinched, was raised appealingly.

"I understand," said the girl, gently.

CHAPTER XIII.

VERDE'S TROUBLES.

Marguerite took her way directly to the courthouse, where Jim met her with the news of Mr. McCline's death.

"It won't affect Prudence's plans, will it?" she asked.

"No. She starts for San Francisco next week to begin her study for the stage. Strange that she should be ambitious still!"

"The future looks bright for her," said Marguerite. She had her elbows on the table, her chin in her hands, as she glanced up at Jim.

He looked down into her upturned face saying heartily: "Yes, and it's the biggest-hearted fellow in the world that's made that future possible."

Marguerite's face flushed with pleasure, as she answered: "You've been good to Prudence too—and very good to Dick's sister."

Now that she had conveyed to him her understanding of his interest in Lucy his face mirrored a certain feeling of relief, and she ventured to add: "Dick told me she was much disappointed at Mr. McCline's dis-

posal of this money. It seems she wanted it for some church work."

"Yes, these good women never seem quite satisfied till they've flavored their gifts with the mold of tombstone and chapel."

"Mr. Jim!"

"Yes?"

"Are you an infidel?"

"What's that?" he quizzed.

"Why, a person—a person that doesn't believe in anything."

"I'm not it, then. But charity—well, charity is love, and love doesn't give bread that is bitter, nor clothes with the buttons cut off."

"You must have attended some charity bazars," she laughed.

"A few," he acknowledged with a grim smile.

A slight noise at the door made them look up. Louis Verde was standing there, and though he was prompt enough with his "good-day," Marguerite felt quite certain that he had been there some time. His face was unusually pasty, the rings under his eyes unusually dark and broad.

It was his first visit to the office since that night of the Socialists' meeting. In response to his greeting Jim grunted out something that might have been "the devil" or "good-morning," and then seated himself at his desk with his back to the new arrival.

Marguerite was distinctly uncomfortable. Not so Verde. He seated himself on the table, and very much at ease swung his feet back and forth with metronomic regularity. When he began idly fingering the scattered papers on the table Jim faced about to growl: "Why don't you sit on a chair?"

"Thanks, I believe it will be more comfortable."

Another prolonged silence proved more than Marguerite could endure. She broke it by saying: "You're not looking well, Mr. Verde."

"No," he replied eagerly, "I had a bad spell with my heart last night. We've been rushed with work for

weeks, and I ain't allowed clerks enough."

Marguerite kept a politely listening countenance toward him, while Jim slammed pencils and books about on his desk. Verde's eyes were twinkling with malice, but he continued to address Marguerite.

"Now, in addition to my work, I'm to be deprived of my sleep, it seems—by thieves. I'll have to stay in my office nights till I get my work caught up."

"Thieves?" interrogated the girl.

"Yes," drawled Verde with the deliberation of one who knows that he has the curiosity of his hearers aroused. "Dick Herrin sent down a deed for recording last week, and Mrs. Howard's been trying to get hold of it ever since."

At Dick's name Marguerite started; it was at mention of Dick's sister that Jim ceased his impatient movements and turned around. Verde, under pretense of scratching his nose, hid a furtive smile. He rose as if to go.

"What do you mean?" asked Jim.

Taking this as an invitation to remain Verde reseated himself and continued: "Oh, Herrin bought some prospects up north and neglected recording till the former owner made a deed of gift of the same claims to the church, and then went and died. Mrs. Howard brought the deed down to me. Now, not knowing, I suppose, that his sister's mixed up in the matter, Herrin claims the mines under prior deed. Gold's being discovered up there, and the property may be worth fighting for. Yesterday Mrs. Howard was in the office and doing her level best to get hold of Dick's papers—had them out to copy and nearly made way with 'em before I could prevent it. We have to take things in order, and we can't record them till their turn comes."

"You don't think the church would steal Mr. Herrin's papers, do you?" asked Marguerite.

"Mrs. Howard would if she got a chance."

"Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken, and she's not responsible, you know, for all she does."

"You bet she's responsible. She's the smartest woman I know."

"You see ghosts, Verde," scoffed Jim.

"If I saw a ghost it was dressed in black, and it gave me a sleepless night," retorted the recorder.

"Ghosts are said to have that effect," commented Carleton.

"See here, I thought you and Her-rin was friends," began the recorder. He had risen, and he let his small eyes sweep Marguerite before adding: "But it looks as if you'd as soon see him lose things as not."

Jim turned his back and opened a newspaper. As for Marguerite, Verde's second meaning had flown over her head.

The recorder, passing Jim's chair on his way to the door, lowered his voice to say: "I been havin' a nice, long chat with Mrs. Wynkoop today—about people and things in the early days."

For a moment Jim did not answer, then, with a long, cool stare, he said: "Congenial employment, I should think."

Almost before Verde was out of the room Jim, casting an uneasy glance toward Marguerite, was saying: "The place really needs fumigating after that; may I light a cigar, Miss Marguerite?"

She nodded yes, then watched him as, walking about, he puffed out soothing rings of smoke. He sent them curling into every corner, and in his affectation of ridding the office of the irritating atmosphere Verde had created, even lifted the papers and breathed smoke upon them.

Occasionally he glanced at the girl, but she would not take advantage of the opportunity that Verde's news had opened. To attempt the penetration of a friend's reserve is to rush in where angels fear to tread; and

if the barrier Jim had raised between them on the subject of Dick's sister were to be broken down, he must be the one to do it.

It was with some effort that he finally said: "I believe that Verde's wish is father to the fear that Dick's deed will be stolen. And you are quite right about—Mrs. Howard," he added, halting over the name. "She's losing her mind as rapidly as possible."

"But, Mr. Jim, I saw her today when she was just as sane as you are. I'm sure she could outwit Verde if she tried."

"You saw her—?"

"At the hotel. She was entertaining some friends, and I never saw a more charming or rational woman than she was—for a time."

Still walking up and down Jim put the distance of the room between them before he paused to ask: "Did she say anything to you of Dick—or his friends?"

"Y-e-s."

"Um-um. Gave us a pretty black eye, did she?"

"She spoke very pleasantly of Mr. Morgan," evaded the girl.

"Ex-actly."

"Before I left she was attacked by the same sort of frenzy we have seen her in before," Marguerite went on, "but her other guests had no occasion to think her—unbalanced."

"And evidently Dick has none," said Carleton. "Persons so afflicted are often very cunning in hiding their infirmity from those nearest to them. Those mines, though—I wonder of whom Dick got them?"

"Mr. McCline. They were his fee for prosecuting that lawsuit."

"Ah, so it's for Prudence Dick's having all this trouble too."

Marguerite's face clouded. "I don't understand what good Dick's deeds would do anyone else," she said, after a pause.

"If they'd been recorded they wouldn't do anyone any good; as they've only been filed, once they

were destroyed, Dick would have nothing to show for his interest in the mines; and now that McCline's dead it might be impossible for him to get redress. I wonder that he didn't have them recorded long ago."

"That was because Mrs. Howard harassed the old man so; he begged Dick not to record them for six months. So it must have been some time before she knew Dick really owned them. It looks—strange."

"It does indeed." For a moment Jim's face was so distorted that Marguerite started toward him.

"You're ill!" she cried.

"No—not ill," he protested, putting his hand on a chair-back. Presently he pulled himself together. "No sane woman would take such a risk—and to steal from her own brother!" he broke off. "I wonder what her motive was?"

"She told me she felt she had a great work to accomplish for the Lord," returned Marguerite.

"It's a common form of religious mania," said Jim, "and in her mind that belief would constitute justification for any crime. She ought to be confined in an asylum. If I can only get word to Dick in time we may be able to prevent serious trouble. But he's in the country somewhere, and I don't like to take any steps without his consent. Still," cheerfully, "I think Verde's vigilance will prevent the theft, and later I'll have a talk with Dick. I hinted once at her being deranged. He only laughed at me. Now, after what you and I have both seen I think he'll listen. Take that troubled look off your bonny face, little lady; 'twill all come right."

Marguerite's face cleared and, the better to banish unpleasant thought, Jim got out a dusty old album with broken clasp.

"Come," he cried, "come here, and behold your humble servant at the age of ten."

"Why, that looks familiar—like

someone I've known," marveled Marguerite.

"Like me, I suppose. That open mouth, that bristling hair—are they not redolent of my individuality?"

He turned the page. Here was a photograph of Dick and there was Lucy at sixteen, handsome and patrician; from the opposite page looked out the lovely face of Prudence, younger, softer, even more innocent than Lucy's. And here, to Marguerite's surprise, was a group of some of her old schoolmates, many of whom she had almost forgotten.

"It's odd, your knowing so many people I did once, Mr. Jim—and yet we never met."

Jim looked at her a moment before saying: "I remember a little girl—almost a baby, that you remind me of sometimes. See here, do you know who this is?" pointing to the face of a bearded man.

"No."

"That's I, before I went traveling all over the world and back again."

"I'd never have known you with that beard!" she exclaimed, scrutinizing the photograph closely.

"Parting from it completely altered my appearance. After I returned to the United States I went up into Alaska. When, after ten years on other borderlands, I came back to Arizona, of all the people I'd known in early days, only the Ornes and Prudence knew me. Later, of course, I met Dick, and others."

It was after sunset when Marguerite left, and Jim watched her passing through the shadows of the great courtroom, a shadow falling on his face as she departed.

On the stairway she met Prudence. Elsewhere the singer always passed her with averted face, but today at Margot's greeting she threw back her veil and paused. At a loss for words Marguerite suddenly put out her hand and took Prue's in a brief clasp.

At the foot of the stairs she met Pima Charlie, in his hand a high fur

hat—once white, now gray with age and grimed with use. Not so handsome a hat as the old black silk, but yet, a hat expressive of dignity and high estate.

"Nice lil' white squaw," he commented audibly as she passed him with a smile.

CHAPTER XIV.

REASONS.

As Marguerite passed Prudence, her gown trailing against the singer's costlier one, the latter bent her head, her lips pressed close together.

When she entered the office Jim's fingers were closing over something soft and small; and Prudence, careless of her handsome gown, swept across the room through a litter of papers and dust to stand in front of him.

"I met Miss Stone upon the stairs," she said, her voice a trifle shaken. "She took my hand—she touched me."

"She's a good woman, Prue," responded Carleton absently.

"Ay, a good woman," repeated Prudence, with bitter lips. "One doesn't wonder you adore her. Oh, I'm not blind!"

Coming quite close to him she opened his hand. He made no effort at concealment, and after one glance Prudence turned away.

"Well, Jim, the obstacle between

you and happiness is one no other man would stand aside for. Why don't you—"

Jim shook his head, interrupting: "The least a man can do is to keep faith."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Dick."

"Ah, then, the other reason?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't stand long, Prudence," he confessed.

Without further words she turned abruptly and left the room.

Jim, still at the window, looked out to see the drawing on of night. There were splashes of gold on a leaden sky; the east and the north were slate; in the south were drifting clouds. Only the west burned golden, and then orange. The dun came pressing down, and the orange turned to crimson. Darker it grew, and deeper, till the narrowing streak had turned to the red of blood; and twilight, falling, saw in all the heavens only that band of light—a line of blood on a sullen sky.

In the gathering darkness Jim stood staring moodily toward the far horizon. When the city lights came out and twinkled up at him he turned from them as from the sight of faces grown distasteful. Throwing himself into a chair he buried his face in his arms on the table, his lips to the bit of velvet ribbon Marguerite had lost so many months before.

[To be Continued.]

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who, in her calmer moments, has written some really good things, but whose poetic genius continually threatens spontaneous combustion, now asserts that in a former existence she was a celebrated beauty and dallied in the favor of a French King! We might be inclined to accept Ella's unsupported statement that she remembers her alleged former incarnation, if she had said that she was one of the Foolish Virgins!

Money

By FRANCIS LINDSAY



LIKE everything else, money has its romance, its history and its laws; and little do people realize this as they handle daily in barter and exchange the little round gold, silver, nickel and bronze pieces. Each coin could relate a wonderful story if it were gifted with the power of speech; as it is not, the mysteries of its life will forever be hidden. But it is not of the romance of money that I am going to write, but something of its history and the laws which govern it at the present time.

A coin in itself is really nothing but a piece of round shining metal stamped with the sign of some nation. We attach some value to the metal because it is difficult to find and therefore precious; consequently it stands for a certain amount in trade, but other things have been used in its stead, merely because the fancy of the people gave them some worth. In the early days in America, the Europeans and the Indians carried on a trade with beads, wampum, coral, shells and other trinkets. Later tobacco was used quite extensively among the colonists as a medium for buying and selling, and it sometimes required a whole cartload to make a purchase. In some countries the people simply exchanged their various goods and wares. This system prevails even at the present day in some localities; but it always results in considerable haggling and wrangling.

Substitutes for coin were generally unsatisfactory. They either had no stability because they were not precious, or they were inconvenient to handle; therefore people felt the need of something which would have a permanent value and which could be transported easily from one place to another. Coin solves the problem.

As usual we have to go far back into forgotten ages to find the people who first reached the above conclusion. It is said that the Chinese were the first to have what could be called real coins and that in the year 1200 B. C. It is pretty certain that the Lydians, who dwelt in Asia Minor, made a combination of gold and silver called electrum into some definite shape for trade purposes, as early as 700 B. C. Other authorities say that Pheidon, the king of Argos, conceived the idea of making silver coins before the Lydians. Very likely these people learned something of the art from the Chinese, for there seems good reason to suppose that the latter have a right to claim precedence in this regard.

The first money probably bore the name of some merchant and his place of business, or some inscription relating to himself, and he was very likely responsible for its accurate weight. Some of the early coins were very crude, probably mere lumps of metal. When a coin was given some definite inscription it was placed on a stamp of some kind and hammered on the reverse side until it took the impression. Even then the most of them were very rough and shapeless affairs.

It remained for Greece to bring the coinage system to some degree of perfection, as she did all the arts. Some of the Grecian money still extant is very finished in design and workmanship. The face of her coins very often bore an inscription representing some historical event, some feature of a legend; oftentimes the design had a mystic significance. The symbol represented in a fanciful way the town where the coin was made; for instance, a rose stood for Rhodes, a bee for Ephesus. In the earlier stages of Greek coinage the money only bore a letter which indi-

cated the place where it was made.

From these few examples some idea can be gleaned of the perfection to which the making of money was brought before the Christian era. To trace the entire length of the evolution of coinage systems to the present time would indeed be a long and arduous task. Therefore let us look at the coins of the present day. That we have not yet reached the highest perfection is evident, because every few years witnesses some change in the system of our own United States. It is only a year or so ago that a radical change was made in the form of the gold pieces in this country. But the foreign exchange is very well managed.

In the countries where the gold standard of coinage has been adopted, the system of exchange is regulated by the amount of pure gold in a coin. Each country fixes its own gold standard for coin making and the alloy generally used is copper. Gold coins in America are .900 pure, or fine, as it is technically called, as is the case with most countries. Those of England are a little more than .916 fine, but in many of the British possessions this standard as well as the coins themselves differ in fineness from those of the mother country, and some have totally different coinage systems.

To give some idea of the system by which values are judged among the different nations, I will quote from a publication called "Coins of the World," designed and arranged by Alfred F. White and published by the Banking Law Journal of New York.

"Values of coins are estimated at the rating of gold in the United States, which is \$20.672 for the ounce fine, or 4.30 2-3 cents for the grain; the fineness of coining gold being .900, this means \$18.605 per standard ounce; the dollar contains 25.8 grains standard gold and 23.22 grains pure.

"The silver dollar coining rate in

the United States is \$1.2929 for the ounce fine; the dollar containing 371.25 grains of pure silver, or 412.5 grains standard metal. This gives the ratio of 15.988 (called 16) to 1. The smaller silver coins are of less relative weight but of the same fineness; this lower value is generally adopted by most countries to keep the "small change" coins at home; in some cases the fineness is lower, instead of the weight, which accomplishes the same purpose, of reducing the intrinsic value of the pieces.

"In estimating the rating of silver coins of countries where the silver standard still prevails, and where, hence, the value fluctuates with the price of silver bullion, the rate fixed quarter-yearly by the director of the United States Mint, on July 1, 1909, is used. This is based upon a price for silver at approximately 52.96 cents the ounce fine. London is the world's chief market for gold and silver, hence the prices quoted there govern transactions in these metals all over the world.

"The general classification of coins is into standard, including those having full legal-tender power (practically all gold and some silver); subsidiary, silver pieces having only limited paying power, say \$10 to \$20; and minor, nickel and bronze, with legal-tender power at 25 to 50 cents."

There is considerable history to coinage even in the United States, and until recent years, about 1890, the system seems to have been in a somewhat unsettled condition; but since then no important new coins have come into existence and none have gone out; except the coining of a few memorial gold dollars like those made for the St. Louis Exposition, for the Lewis and Clarke Exposition, and the La Fayette silver dollar; while the coining of silver dollars, which was very small for a number of years, was stopped in 1905.

At present the unit of coinage in the United States is the dollar, which was originally derived from the Spanish dollar. All people are familiar with the money now in use, with the possible exception of the \$2½ gold piece. But rarely does one see nowadays the three dollar gold piece, the gold dollar, the trade dollar, the silver twenty-cent piece, the silver half-dime, the silver or nickel three-cent piece, the bronze two-cent piece or the copper half-cent; yet all of these have had their day of life in our money system. Many of these antedated pieces of money are in the possession of various parties who have kept them as curiosities, but none of them are in actual circulation and they would not remain so long if they were. Some of the old pieces of money had a rather spasmodic life, others have been capable of existing for a number of years. The active life of the three dollar piece covered a span of some 37 years, ranging from 1853 to 1890, when it was abolished. The gold dollar's life began in the days of '49, when everybody saw, heard and talked nothing but gold, and its death occurred in 1890, which seems to have been an unfortunate year for coins. The life of the trade dollar, which it was intended should not be used in our own country, was very short—five years, ending in 1878. The twenty-cent piece came into existence in 1875 and quietly passed away three years later; the silver half-dime was followed by the well-known nickel in 1866. The silver three-cent piece began its career in 1851 and was usurped by the nickel piece of the same value in 1863, which was abolished in that fatal year, 1890. The two-cent bronze piece was coined for nine years beginning 1864 and ending 1873; the copper half-cent went out of active life in 1857. In the above the references have been made to the years when the coining of the piece was authorized and when it was discon-

tinued or abolished; its actual life probably lasted for a few years longer.

Let us now take a cursory glance at the present coins of the foreign countries and see how their ideas of the making of money differ from our own. The unit of coinage in England is the pound sterling, very often called the sovereign and indicated by £. It is made of up twenty shillings, these in turn of 12 pence, and each penny is divided into four farthings. To give a clear idea of the relation between the money of United States and England, allow me to quote again from "Coins of the World." Speaking of England:

"Until about A. D. 1300 the pound sterling was actually a Troy lb. of sterling (standard) silver, 925 thousandths fine; subsequently it was from time to time reduced until 1816, when the present law making that quantity of silver coin into £3 6sh. was adopted.

"A Troy lb. of standard gold, 916 2-3 thousandths (11-12) fine, coins into £46 14sh. 6d in value; hence the ratio between gold and silver is 14.287 to 1; this is not now a matter of importance however. An ounce of standard gold coins into £3 17sh. 10½d.; this is, hence, the mint price of gold. Coinage is free, but as there is some delay in coining, the law requires the Bank of England to pay at once for gold, not less than £3 17sh. 9d per oz. (usually quoted 17sh. 9d) the difference being allowance for interest.

"The ounce of pure gold is thus valued at 84sh. 11½d; the rating in the United States is \$20.672; the sums are equivalent; this gives a value of about 4.30 2-3 cents to the grain of gold.

"The sovereign weighs 123.274 grains, hence at .916 2-3 contains 113.001 grains of fine gold; the United States dollar contains 23.22 grains of fine gold; thus the £ is worth \$4.8665.

"The shilling weighs 87.273

grains, hence at .925 fine, contains 80.727 grains of pure silver; the United States dollar contains 371.25 grains of fine silver; thus the shilling would be worth 21.7 cents. But British silver coin is subsidiary, and maintained by law and in fact at equal value with gold; hence the parity of exchange of the shilling is one twentieth of the £, or 24.33 1-3 cents.

"The minor coins are made of bronze. The rating of the penny is one-twelfth of the shilling, hence about 2.0277 cents and the farthing a trifle more than 1/2 cent."

At the present day the coins made in England are the sovereign, the half-sovereign, the half-crown (2sh. 6d), florin (2sh.), shilling, sixpence, and three pence; the first two named being of gold, the rest silver. There are other pieces in circulation, but the above mentioned are made in the largest quantities now.

As before said, the British possessions often have totally different methods of coining from that of England herself. Canada and Sierra Leone have systems very like our own; while India, the Channel Islands and Cyprus possess systems which are traditional and have a certain historic significance, like their language, customs and habits.

In France the unit of the coinage system is the franc, which has a value in the money of our country of 19.29 cents. The metric system is used throughout, the francs being divided into decimes, and these into centimes, 100 of the last named equaling one franc. The current money of France comprises various denominations of francs and centimes. The money of the French colonies differs from that of the mother country, but not to such a marked degree as in England's case.

Most of the countries in Southern Europe belong to what is called the Latin Union, and their system is practically the same. The only dif-

ference is that they give the same coins other names.

In Italy the piece with the same value as the franc is called the lira, the one with the same value as the centime is called the centesimi. In Belgium and Congo Free State, the coins correspond in name and value to those of France. Switzerland has the franc, but substitutes the name rappen for centime. In Greece we find the coins called drachmai and lepta; in Bulgaria, leva and stotinki; in Roumania, lei and bani; in Spain, pesetas and centimos; and in Servia, dinara and para. In all these countries the coins maintain the same value, but are often cast in different metals. Likewise the ratio between gold and silver coinage is the same, namely 15 1/2 to 1.

In Germany the unit of coinage is the mark, which is worth in the money of the United States, 23.82 cents. The mark is divided into 100 pfennig, one of which has a value of about one-fourth of a cent in our country's money. Most of the German coining is done with silver and bronze, but they also make a gold doppel-krone which corresponds to our five dollar gold piece, and has a value equal to 20 marks. In Austria the unit of coinage is the krone, worth a little over 20 cents in our money, and this is divided into 100 heller. The system in Hungary is the same as that in Austria, but the coins are differently named. In Norway, Sweden and Denmark, which have a union in their coinage system, the unit is the krone, worth almost 27 cents. In Russia it is the ruble worth about 51 1/2 cents; in Holland the guilder, its value in our money being a little over 40 cents. In Portugal the unit is the milreis, worth \$1.08; in Turkey the piaster, worth 4 1/2 cents, and the lira, worth about \$4.40; in Egypt, the pound or lira, valued at about \$4.94. In Persia, Morocco, Abyssinia and Siam, the silver standard is in vogue, which renders it difficult to deter-

mine values on account of variation in the price of the metal. Liberia has a system which corresponds to our own as far as values go.

In Japan the unit is the yen, which is almost 50 cents in our money; but in China the values are uncertain. The Philippines have the peso, its value being 50 cents; Mexico has a coin of the same name but it is worth a little less than the Philippine peso. In many of the Central American republics the values of the coins are fluctuating, but in South America the gold standard is almost universal. Brazil's unit is the milreis with a value of about 54 1/2 cents; that of Uruguay, the peso, worth a little over one dollar; that of Argentina has the same name but is worth about 96 1/2 cents. In Chile we again find the peso with a value of about 36 1/2 cents; in Peru the libra with a value equal to that of the English pound, from which it is derived; in Ecuador the sucre, valued at about

48 1/2 cents; and in Bolivia, the Boliviano, worth about 39 cents.

The system of the present day still seems to present some complexities. In time these will very likely be done away with. There seems to be a tendency to unite countries more closely in commerce every year, and it is natural to expect that some provision will be made whereby the system of reckoning exchange will be made easier. Nevertheless the system of the present day does not present such insurmountable obstacles as it did in the past because the gold standard is almost universal. If the countries maintain their present amicable commercial relations there is every reason to suppose that there will be more equalization in the coining systems of the different people. On the other hand a coining system, like the language of the people, becomes so firmly allied with their customs and habits that it seems like losing their personality as a nation if any change is made in it.

California Poppies

By ETHEL GRIFFITH BAILEY

O West, with the wealth of thy poppy-clad hills,
Gold-vested, sun-broidered, a-glisten with star-dust
and dew;
Free-blowing, the health of thy breath ever flowing,
Fills all thy blest children with glad life anew.
A-glow and a-glisten with star-shine and laughter,
A whisper—soft, listen! As faster and faster
The swinging wild poppy-hosts dancing together,
Bacchante-like troop over meadow and lee,
Their petals a-streaming, their tiny lips pealing
The message of gladness they sing to the sea.
Then down to him, crowns to him
Fling they, with all glad abandon of glee!
And all of their clamor, o'er marsh and through dell,
In tumult of beauty's to tell—to tell—
Joy is sweet; life is young; and All's Well; All's
Well!
O land of the West! O hills poppy-clad! O Sea!

The Heart of Don Olvera

A Story of Old San Diego Mission Days

By MARGUERITE V. HOLCOMB



THE close of a warm September evening two dusty riders could be seen slowly wending their way homeward along the old Mission road of San Diego. One was a cavalier of the type prevailing during the splendid idle forties, and his position as a man of prominence in the Spanish settlements could be told by the handsome black steed that he rode, with the heavy Mexican saddle mounted in silver. Don Pedro Olvera would have attracted attention anywhere, not alone from his erect and graceful manner of riding, but, as well, because of his dark and flashing eyes, wherein seemed to smolder the fires of many generations of proud ancestors, who had made their power felt in the fair land of California. Why should not his bearing be dignified and unyielding? Was he not the owner of vast estates in the two Californias, which had been received from his grandfather direct from the King of Spain? To one who had been familiar with Don Pedro, however, it could be noticed that he was on this evening not quite himself. There was a sadness in his eyes and his head drooped, and occasionally he would glance at his companion and then turn away with a half suppressed sigh.

Far different in demeanor was Benecia Mendez, who rode by his side. This beautiful young Spanish girl was never more talkative or gay than she appeared on this evening, laughing merrily at her own sallies to her despairing companion, and evidently enjoying his discomfort, and amused that he answered her only in monosyllables. On they rode, and the hills echoed back her laughter, and her black eyes danced with mischief as her sharp tongue played

with the mind and heart of the dignified Don as a cat plays with a mouse.

One would have thought it impossible that this mere slip of a girl, scarcely out of her teens, could have within her mind the power to cause the rich Don Pedro Olvera to so far forget his position in life as to be miserable; to reveal to her the side of his nature that none before had witnessed. Here was another illustration of the mysterious power of love; for this man loved as only a man of his race and time, with his deep nature, was capable of loving. He loved, and yet—the girl by his side made him feel the utter hopelessness of his passion. In playful jest she had twitted him upon his suit of her hand, because she too had riches, the sole heiress of the Mendez lands that reached far away, almost from the distant mountains on the east to the sea. This remark had touched his pride to the quick, and he pulled himself together while the expression of despair changed into stern uncompromising pride, and his eyes became piercing as he looked at the fair rider and said:

"Is it possible that Benecia Mendez would think I tell her that I love her only because she has wealth," and then continuing in a softer tone of voice, "I, who have loved her from a child with a devotion that can never be equaled by another. It is unkind for you to think so lightly of my love, *cara mia*, but I should have known that it meant nothing to you, for are you not known as the most cruel coquette of all the beautiful ladies of this land? And now you say you love this Gringo, this American sailing master, who only ten days ago came into our midst to break the hearts of our pretty *senoritas*. You know you do not love him,

but he has fallen a captive to your smiles. He will be your next victim. Ah, you are cruel, Benecia Mendez, to play thus with the hearts of men, and then cast them aside as mere trifles."

Again the echoes carried down the valley the laughter of Benecia Mendez, as she continued to taunt the Don, but now she noticed the tide of anger rising into his eyes, and becoming serious, she said:

"Don Pedro, you are unjust to me when you accuse me of trifling with your love. How did I know that you had loved me all these years as you say, when today is the first time you told me of your love. You have held your heart to yourself, and permitted another to go before you, for I do love the *Americano*. I am not ashamed to tell you, now that you have offered me your hand so graciously. I can never be yours, Don Pedro, because I do not love you. I am honest enough to confess to you, now that you have accused me of playing with men's hearts that I do love the Gringo."

"But what about the governor's orders?" replied the Don. "Has he not decreed that none of our *senoritas* shall marry an American? He will refuse consent to your marriage; the Gringo will sail away, and that will be the last of it. Then may I dare to give you my heart and hand?"

There was no rippling laughter to echo from the hills now, but tears instead were coursing down the cheeks of Benecia Mendez. The mask of assumed happiness had fallen before the proud Don's eyes and the heartless coquette was humbled before him at last.

"O *Senor*," she sobbed; "I am so miserable. I have only tried to be gay to hide from you my suffering. He goes tonight—sails away on his ship—perhaps never to return, and I love him, and—I shall not see him again." She continued to sob quietly; her lithe little figure trembled before the gusts of sad emotion that

shook her soul. The girl who had prided herself upon the number of hearts she had conquered only to ruthlessly put aside, she who had even won the heart of the much sought for Don Olvera, had at last been compelled to surrender her love to an American whom the laws of her country forbade her to marry.

Don Olvera was touched by the scene. His great love for Benecia Mendez came upon him like an overwhelming avalanche of passion, yet controlled by the heart and soul that were great, self-sacrificing and good, notwithstanding the haughty and disinterested demeanor that was his usual habit, he longed to help the weeping girl. What was his love, if it was not great enough for this sacrifice? He could and would give her up if it meant happiness to her. Yes, he would help her even to the extent of aiding her to escape from the laws that now separated her from the object of her affections. It must be done at once if Benecia Mendez was to be saved further pain. The ship was to sail that night.

He rode on thoughtfully, but there was upon his handsome features an expression of high resolve that illuminated his eyes with a new light not seen there before. The Don did not speak again until he assisted the girl to dismount in the patio of the Mendez home. Then drawing her toward the shelter of an overhanging palm, he said:

"All is well, Benecia Mendez. I will help you. I will show to you and the world what is in the heart of Don Olvera. Be ready tonight at ten and you shall join the *Americano* on his ship."

Benecia turned to the Don with amazement:

"You will help me, Don Olvera—you who love me also—how can you? No, no, it is impossible—you are too great and noble to love me, Don Pedro—think of the danger to yourself and what you will suffer when

I am gone. I never knew your heart till now."

Don Pedro made no comments, but taking the girl's soft hand in his large, strong ones, he replied:

"Remember the hour—ten o'clock—be ready," and turning, he left her wondering to herself at this first revelation to her mind of a great man's soul. It was many moments that she stood pondering over this remarkable event. That Don Pedro would risk his life, give up his love for her, aid her to escape the vigilance of the guards and join her lover upon his ship, all for her happiness, was a new phase of life for this girl who regarded men as mere toys for her amusement. It was too much to ask him to do for her sake, and yet she loved the American sailor, and her selfish love overreached her gratitude and admiration for Don Olvera's wonderful kindness. She crossed her hands upon her breast in an attitude of devotion as she looked upward at the first twinkling star that had ventured forth in the gathering shades of evening.

"I will wish on the star, a wish for you, Don Pedro, that you may find some one worthy of your great love. I do not deserve it. You give me all, and yet I give to you nothing in return. O Gringo, I love you! Why did you come into my life to draw me so far away from all that I have held dear? I love you, and I will soon be with you—tonight, my Americano—and all through the heart of Don Pedro Olvera."

At ten o'clock all was quiet in the old Mendez home, except for the clinking of glasses, and the rattle of coin as the old Señor drank and played at cards with his friends in an inner room. Benecia opened the door to her room and stole quietly across the large hall where in the past she had been the favorite at the many fandangos that had been given there; out of the house, through the

patio and into the garden hurriedly glided the girl, and there, true to his promise, was Don Olvera, waiting in the shadow of an oleander, smoking a cigarette. There were tears in her eyes at the thought of leaving the old home, but she betrayed no emotion as she placed her hand in that of the Don and proceeded with him along the path to the giant palms where horses were waiting to bear them away to the seashore.

She realized the peril of their adventure when they almost rode down one of the Presidio guards idly dozing at the end of his beat, and in answer to his command to halt they forced their horses into a gallop and covered their retreat with a cloud of dust from their horses' feet. The moon now rose in all its majesty behind the eastern hills, and cast exaggerated shadows of the two riders across the fields. Swiftly they left behind them the little sleeping settlement of old San Diego and rode down the river bank in the direction of the sea. This reached, Benecia would have imagined herself safe, but the Don was afraid, as he knew the coast was guarded lest the American sailors would come ashore to take away the hides piled near by awaiting the coming of the yearly hide ship.

Now they proceeded silently across the marsh lands that bordered the harbor. Out upon the waters, shimmering with the silvery light of the moon, could be seen the masts and spars of a ship with its solitary riding light. Across the waters came the muffled sounds of rattling ropes and creaking blocks as the sailors made ready to take advantage of the out-going tide. As they neared the water's edge Benecia saw a row boat moored to a rock a short distance out upon the water.

Her mind was a battlefield of contending emotions; a sense of fear almost overpowered her, while sadness and regret for her rash decision would have caused her to falter and

to turn back had it not been for the gentle yet determined manner of her companion, who spoke not, but lifted her into the rocking boat, and seizing the oars, rowed rapidly away toward the tall ship whose sails, now bent, were beginning to fill with the rising night breeze.

Seated in the stern of the boat Benecia faced her benefactor, whose strong and handsome countenance seemed, in the flood of silver light, like a chaste bit of statuary done in gray marble. Through his compressed lips there came occasionally an inquiry as to her comfort, and the suggestion to wrap herself in his great coat for protection from the dampness of the air.

Benecia longed to say something to the Don, to give him some word of gratitude, and perhaps to ease his troubled heart with a promise of her undying remembrance of his brave act, but each time she ventured to speak she would catch sight of the grave features of the rower, and the words would not pass her lips.

Now the little boat was nearing the ship's side. The song of the sailors floated over the gunwales as they plodded around the capstan in their efforts to heave the anchor. Suddenly Benecia gave a cry and stretched out her arms toward a figure that stood leaning over the bulwarks eyeing the approaching boat critically.

"It is I, John, it is I! Benecia, who has come to you at last!" rang out her clear voice across the short intervening space of water, and the figure on deck hurriedly passed too and fro and caused the ladder to be dropped over the ship's side.

As the master swung himself down the ladder and, resting himself on the bottom rung, reached out with one arm and received from Don Olvera the quivering form of his betrothed, she said:

"We thought it hopeless, John, but our good friend here, Don Pedro Olvera, has saved our happiness at the last hour."

"Thank God!" was the master's reply. "I, too, thought it was too late. I tried to reach you this evening, but the guards prevented my approach to shore."

The master ascended with his precious burden and depositing her safely upon the ship's deck he turned to thank Don Olvera. In the excitement of the moment and in the transport of their joy at being again united they had forgotten the presence of the Don, and now when they sought him he was gone. The little boat was coursing at high speed toward the shore, rowed by the strong arms of him who had just completed this act of self-abnegation.

"Don Olvera, Don Olvera," cried the girl. "Come back to me! Oh, come back!"

The little boat grew smaller as it neared the shore, for the Don rowed on unheeding the call. For an instant, as the two lovers stood with arms entwined watching the boat, it became silhouetted in the moonlight, and the girl could see the severe lines of the Don's ashen countenance giving the ship a farewell glance, then the small craft disappeared from view beneath the shadows of the hills.

Benecia buried her face upon her lover's breast as her pent up soul gave way to the grief that shook her body. It was the reaction from the agony of suspense and the dreadful excitement through which she had passed. The master held her close and with comforting words soothed her troubled spirit.

"Do not weep, sweetheart mine. We will go to the quarters, and Mistress Peck, the wife of the first mate, will care for you and show you the stateroom that is to be yours until we reach Acapulco, and there, God willing, we will find my friend, good Father Alvarez, who will join us."

Benecia raised her tear stained cheek and looked longingly toward the shore. The ship was moving slowly under the soft impulses of the

wind, and with deep sorrow in her heart, she said:

"John, it was his love for me that united us again. Can you understand it? He loved me enough to give me up—to make me happy. It was the great heart of Don Olvera."

Years have passed and it is a common subject of remark and inquiry among the ambitious dames and pretty señoritas of old San Diego, why the rich and handsome Don Olvera does not take unto himself a wife. He has become a leading man among his people; his name is renowned in Alta California. He is known as the good and silent Don, for rarely does he speak and his

features have become set in an expression of kindly benevolence.

The residents of the little town below the Presidio do not dream that he gave his heart to the pretty Benecia Mendez who scandalized her family by eloping with an American sailing master, nor do they see the vision that often comes to the old Don—moonlight on San Diego's placid waters, a girl, a boat, a ship, a man, a return to the little town in the cold gray light of the morning, to live ever after in the cold gray light of a lost love. This is the secret that the populace does not know, and one the lives alone in the heart of Don Olvera.

The Song in the Heart

By CHARLES L. FRAZER

I may toil among the weavers and only hear the loom;
I may walk amidst the gardens and never smell their bloom;
I may dwell upon the mountain and never hear the song
Of the wind among the branches as it croons its way along.

I may front the swelling ocean and never feel the throb
Of its great heart, ever beating, nor hear the moan and sob
Of the wavelets softly lapping upon the sedgy dune,
Nor can I catch the music if the heart is out of tune.

I may dwell among the toilers and hear a gladsome song
That will lighten someone's burden the way of life along;
I may pluck the sweetest blossoms from the fenland and the moor,
I may hear the voice of angels in the hamlets of the poor.

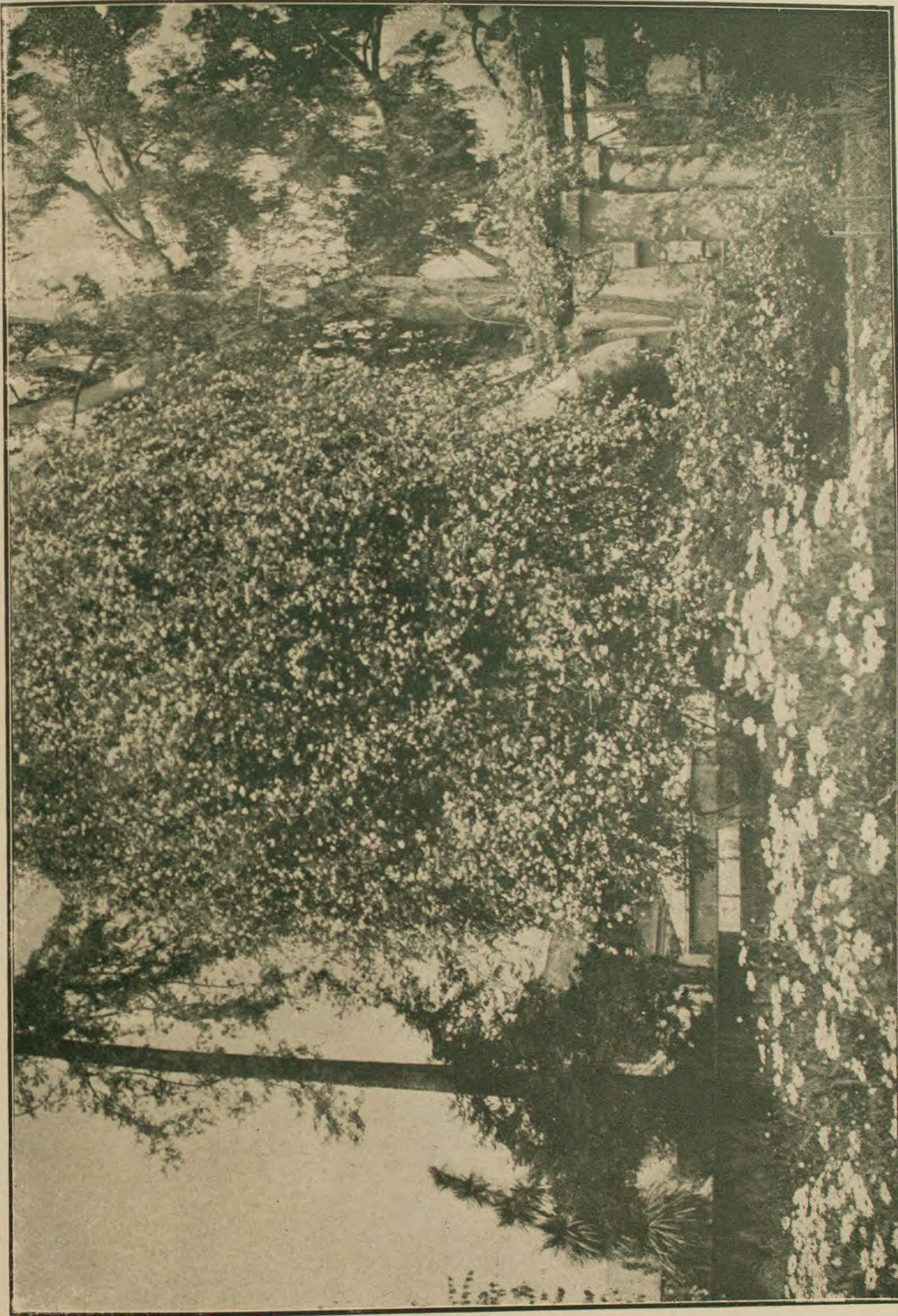
I may face the hot, gray desert and see in every clod,
And in its weird mirages, the imagery of God.
I may dwell within the city beside the roaring mart,
And hear the sweetest music, if the song is in the heart.



Paul de Longpre, "King of the Flowers"



The Fog on Mount Tamalpais



A Garden at San Jose, California



Old Sycamore at Sawtelle, Cal.



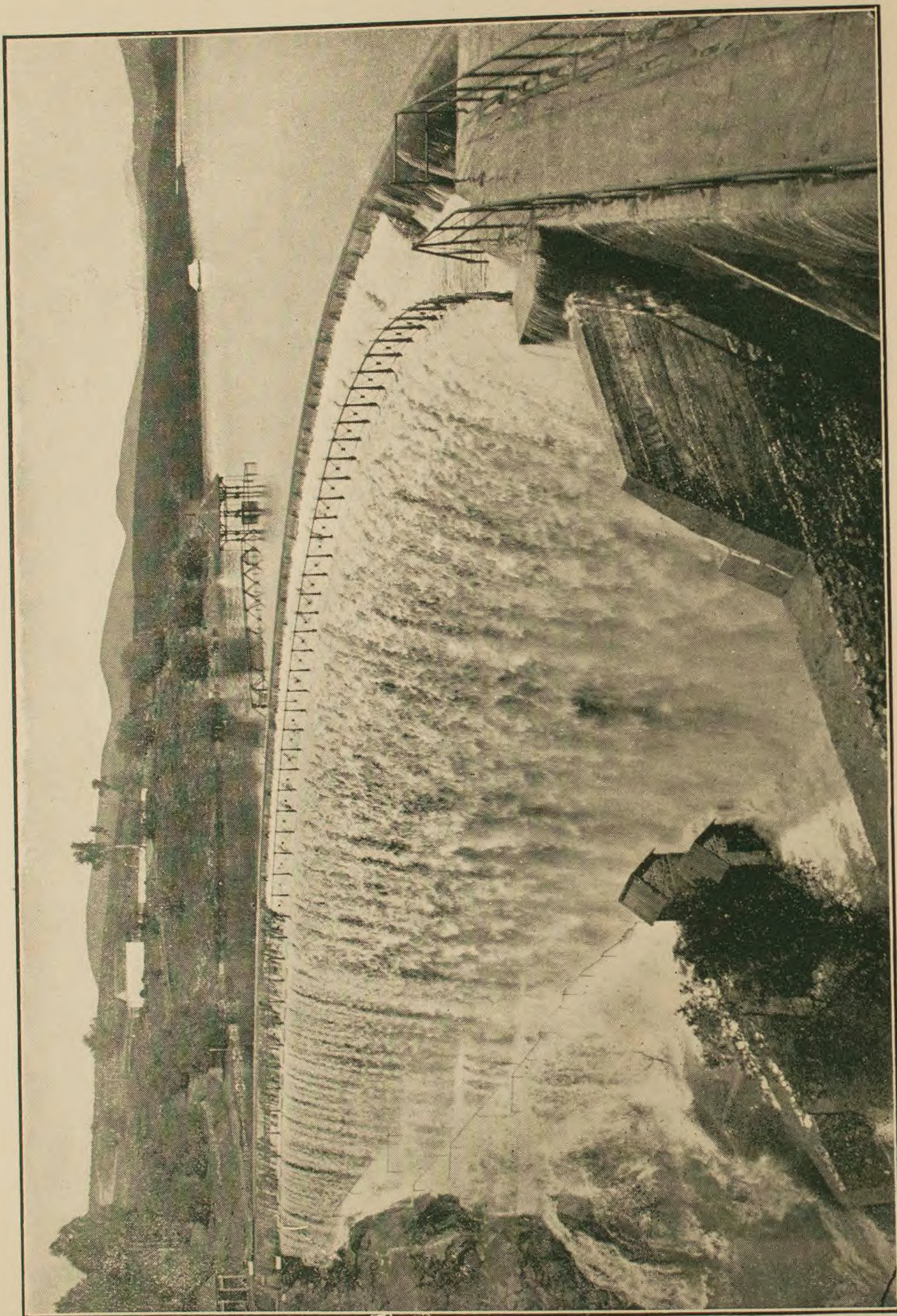
Rumsey Palm, Riverside, California



Cotton Growing in Imperial Valley, California



Lake Chapala in Old Mexico



The Famous Sweetwater Dam, San Diego

Passing of Another Hermit Kingdom

By OZMUN WEST



NE of the most romantically aged and mysterious regions of the Far East, Tibet, has once more been brought into the lime-light through the entry into Lhasa of 2500 Chinese troops, and the subsequent slaughtering of the indifferently armed Tibetan soldiers.

When the Chinese forces entered the Sacred City, the Dalai Lama, the "Lama vast as the sea," fled through the rear of the palace enclosure out into the snow-clad passes of the Himalayas and down into British India, leaving the land of impenetrable mystery to its own resources.

The Dalai Lama does not intend to appeal to the Indian government; his motive in going to India, instead of proceeding to Western Tibet where he would be perfectly safe, is because this way offers the shortest way to Peking, where he personally can lay his grievances before the Chinese throne.

The beginning of the end came when Colonel Younghusband, with a British column, invaded the sacred precincts of Tibet and wrested from the hermit country certain concessions in the matter of trade and international relations. The veil once having been removed and the traditions of centuries broken, this land of Arabian Nights was at the mercy of the exploiter and promoter. The Dalai Lama himself, throwing aside the mystery that surrounded him, went on a tour through China, and the sacredness of his office was no more.

Since that time China has regarded Tibet as a part of her vast empire, and has been determined to rule there as she saw fit. The invasion of Lhasa by the imperial troops undoubtedly means the opening of the country to civilization. Customs and superstitions that have existed

since the time of Padme Sambhara, the "Lotus Born," the founder of the mystic faith of Lamaism, must give way to twentieth century ideas and notions. The consternation in the monasteries, where 500,000 Lamas have lived in seclusion, can better be imagined than described.

Between India and China, Tibet forms, as almost every one knows, a formidable mountainous barricade which constitutes the most elevated projection of the earth's crust. It is, in a way, the backbone of the planet. Directly above the plains of India rise the majestic Himalayas, more than 8000 meters high (a meter equals 39.37 inches); then on top of this gigantic bastion is Tibet proper, an immense plateau perched at the height of the Jungfrau, dotted with crests as high in themselves as the Bernese Alps, and in front of this platform, above the center of Gobi, rises a new chain of 7000 meters, the famous Kuen-Lun. An idea of this formidable relief may be obtained by thinking of the highest peaks of the Pyrenees crowning the summit of Mont Blanc. And this enormous protuberance of the globe covers a territory three times as large as France.

With the exception of the polar zones no part of the world has presented such a blank on our maps. The greater part of Tibet is less known to us than the face of the moon. This is because of the difficulty of obtaining access to those colossal mountains, a difficulty augmented by the inhabitants.

Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, the center of the Buddhist priesthood, the residence of the reigning pontiff of this powerful religion, is forbidden to strangers. For 60 years no European had succeeded in penetrating to Lhasa. In vain the most hardy explorers, Boubalot, Little-dale, Sven Hedin, tried to enter this

Asiatic Rome. Arriving, after a thousand perils, at a few miles from their goal, they were always forced to retreat by the Tibetan guards. Once in 1903-1904 the mystery which enveloped Lhasa was rudely broken by the arrival of a little English army. After awhile the British departed and Tibet was closed to strangers more hermetically than ever. But that expedition and the subsequent events, especially the remarkable travels of Dr. Hedin, mark an epoch in the history of Tibet. Another "Hermit Kingdom" has ceased to be, and the old order of things has received a blow from which it can never recover.

At this time, it is interesting to look back to the origin of that great system of charlatanry which has kept the country in bondage for so many centuries.

Before the Tibetans knew anything of Buddhism or admitted the suzerainty of China, they were warlike savages, ignorant of writing, divided into small clans which were continually quarreling. Chinese chronicles of 400 to 600 A. D. call them "ferocious barbarian shepherds." The origin they proudly claim for themselves seems a crude anticipation of Darwinism. Their first parent was a monkey who crossed the Himalayas and married a she-devil of the mountains. The progeny of this pair ate some magical grain which was given them by the Compassionate Spirit of the Mountains, in consequence of which their hair and tails grew shorter and finally disappeared; they began to speak and discovered the use of clothes.

Their first emergence into definite history was in the seventh century, when they overran Upper Burma and Western China and in 640 A. D. forced the Chinese emperor to make peace. By one of the terms of the treaty the young King of Tibet, Srongtsan Gampo, received a daughter of the Emperor in marriage.

This princess was an ardent Buddhist, as was also another of the King's wives, a Nepalese; and the two soon made him a zealous convert. He lavishly patronized the religion and sent for Buddhist priests from India by whom the Tibetan language was reduced to writing in the Indian alphabet, which is still in use.

The new religion, forced on the people by the King to please his favorite wives, proved a disastrous parasitic disease which has ever since drained the vitality of the nation.

The form of Buddhism which was introduced was already very corrupt, and it speedily degenerated into mere devil-worship. Its priests, the Lamas, thrived under the royal patronage, and, after coming out successful in a struggle for ascendancy with the aristocracy, made the kings mere puppets and finally assumed the crown themselves. The first priest-king was the head of the red-cap faction and was made king in 1252 by the Mongol Emperor of China, Kublai Khan, son of Genghis, who himself became a convert to Lamaism. The red-cap pontiffs continued to hold the throne until 1641. In this year there was an invasion of nomad Tartar tribes; the high priest of the rival order of the yellow-caps, taking advantage of the incompetency of the reigning pontiff, persuaded the Tartars to dethrone the red-cap and raise himself to the throne. This man, Lozang, the most striking personality in Tibetan history, became the first Dalai Lama of Lhasa, the word Da-lai, or Ta-le, being the Mongolian rendering of his priestly name, which meant "vast as the sea."

It seems to have been Lozang who, in order to strengthen his position, invented the stories of his divine origin and supernatural ancestry. He contrived this by enlarging stories already current in Tibet. Lozang was the fifth chief-abbot of the new yellow-capped order of Lamas. Each abbot was supposed to be

the immediate reincarnation of his predecessor. Lozang now asserted that both he and his predecessors were reincarnations of the most popular and powerful of the old kings of Tibet, Srongtsan Gampo, and that this King was himself a reincarnation of the Compassionate Spirit of the Mountains, who had given the earliest inhabitants of Tibet the magic food which changed them from monkeys into men. This Compassionate Spirit was identified with the most popular deity of the Northern Buddhists, Avalokitesvara, the "Buddha of Mercy" (equivalent to the Japanese Kwannon, the Tibetan Chanrazi), who was supposed to have renounced his right to enter Nirvana in order to be available from Heaven to assist men.

To complete this convincing chain of proof, Lozang, like Joseph Smith, "discovered" a book of "revelations," in which all these important facts were set forth and which was attributed to King Srongtsan, who had died a thousand years before. Lamas of rival sects who refused to accept the story were put to death and their monasteries confiscated for the benefit of the yellow-cap order. The Jesuit Grueber, who visited Lhasa about 1656, called Lozang "that devilish God-the-Father who put to death such as refuse to adore him."

The only person who was permitted to share any of this divine prestige was the abbot of the second largest yellow-cap monastery, that of Shigatse, the western capital of Tibet, also called Tashi-Lumpo, from which name this priest became known to Europeans as the Tashi Lama. He was alleged to be an incarnation of the fictitious Buddha Amitabha ("Boundless Light") which the depraved imaginations of the later Buddhists had created out of one of the epithets of the historical Buddha.

After reigning as priest-king for thirty years and firmly establishing

his pretensions to divinity, Lozang abdicated in 1670. His death was followed by a long period of intrigue and disorder which led in 1717 to an invasion of Tibet by the Emperor Kang-hi, who set up a young Dalai Lama, but curtailed his power, appointing a Chinese as regent and two Chinese political residents (Ambans) at Lhasa.

Thirty years later, a massacre of Chinese caused the great Emperor Kien-lung to send another punitive expedition to Lhasa; in consequence of which the influence of the Ambans was greatly increased; they became the power behind the throne, eclipsing the Regent; and they even regulated the selection of Dalai Lamas.

From this time began the policy of assassinating the "divine" puppet, in order to appoint again a newborn infant and prolong the office of the Regent, working in collusion with the Ambans. No sooner did the Dalai Lama reach the age of majority, eighteen, than he mysteriously perished; at this age died the three predecessors of the present Lama, and the one before these met his death at eleven.

The present incumbent, who was born in 1876, has been permitted to escape this fate, owing to new political circumstances. A national party had arisen, which combats the Chinese influence. When the Dalai reached the age of eighteen, this party carried out a coup d'etat against the Regent, who was imprisoned in a monastery, where he soon died. The Dalai assumed sovereign power and deprived the Ambans of all share in the government. China's loss of prestige through the war with Japan and the Boxer rising assisted to reduce her influence in Tibet and to increase the aspirations of the patriotic party.

On his escape from Chinese tutelage, the young Dalai was induced, by his favorite tutor, the Lama Dorjjeff, a Mongolian Buriat from the shores of Lake Baikal, to play into

the hands of Russia. Always surrounded by ignorant and scheming advisers, to whom he was an easy prey on account of his own ignorance of the world outside of Tibet, his contemptuous rejection of British communications and the depredations he sanctioned on the frontiers led to the expedition which occupied Lhasa in 1904. The priest-king fled to escape the desecrating hands of foreigners and for four years lived in China, traveling about by easy stages. He returned to Tibet a year ago this month, shorn of some of the superstitious reverence that had been attached to his person.

His position after his return to Lhasa was far from easy. He quarreled frequently with the Chinese Amban, or resident administrator. The Amban finally caused an edict to be issued at Peking accusing the Dalai Lama of disobedience, intrigue, and refusal to pay tribute, and characterizing him as one of the

worst Lamas ever known. A little army of Chinese soldiers was ordered from the frontier of Szechuan to the capital of Tibet, where they defeated the "Golden Soldiers" of the Dalai Lama, who fled from his palace, and, pursued by the Chinese, made for the Indian frontier. He reached Darjeeling safely, and from there he went to Calcutta. As already stated it is possible that he may go to Peking to lay his grievances before the Chinese government.

In the Far East after anything remarkable has happened, it often occurs that a prophecy is unearthed which previously had not attracted any particular notice. As long ago as 1866, ten years before the present Dalai Lama was born, the Indian trans-frontier surveyor, Nain Singh, recorded that it was then a popular saying in Lhasa that the Dalai Lama would transmigrate only thirteen times. The present Dalai Lama is the thirteenth.

Saddle Song

By Lucien B. Stivers

Up and away while the gray dawn is breaking—
The face of the prairie is wet with the dew—
While gray goose and heron to daylight awaking,
Wheel into line in the depths of the blue!

Up and away! Douce the campfire and bury it.
Stir up the bunch. They have browsed long enough.
Ho, my good men-at-arms, Knights of the Lariat,
West is the word, be the way smooth or rough!

Up and away! Lo, the mountains are calling!
Far to the westward their dim ridges rise,
And, with the purple rays soft on them falling,
Seem to be mocking the peaks in the skies.

Swing to the saddle! The herd is in motion.
Yonder we win ere the close of the day.
Out to the depths of this wide inland ocean—
West! To the West! Let us up and away!

A Campfire Symposium

By CAPTAIN ALLEN KELLY



PEAKING of bears, Joe," said one of a party of hunters sitting around a campfire at old Fort Tejon, "old Ari Hopper has had more queer experiences with bears than anybody. He has given up hunting now, but he used to be the greatest bear-killer in the mountains. Ari has a voice like a steam fog horn—the effects of drinking a bottle of lye one night by mistake for something else—and when he speaks in an ordinary tone you can hear him several blocks away. You can always tell when Ari comes to town as soon as he strikes the blacksmith's shop up at the cross-roads and says 'Holloa' to the 'smith. Ari was out on the Alamo mountain one day and got treed by a big black bear—"

"A black bear on the Alamo?" interrupted Dad. "There ain't nothing but grizzlies and cinnamons over there. I was over there once—"

"Hold on, Dad, it's my turn yet. You never heard of a grizzly climbing a tree, did you?"

"Oh, well, if you've got to have your bear go up a tree, all right. We'll call it a black bear. Besides, if it's one of Ari's bear stories, anything goes."

"The bear treed Ari," resumed the other, "and just climbed up after him in a hurry. Ari went up as high as he could and then shinnied out on a long limb. The bear followed, and Ari kept inching out until he got as far as he dared trust his weight. The bear was climbing out after him and the limb was bending too much for safety, when Ari yelled at the bear: 'Go back, you d—d fool. You'll break this limb and kill both of us. Want to break your cussed neck, goldarn ye?'"

"Well, sir, that bear stopped, looked at Ari, and then down to the ground, and then he just backed

along the limb to the trunk, slid down and lit out for the brush. Ari swears that the bear understood him. Bears have a heap of sabe, but I'm inclined to think that it was Ari's stentorian roar that scared him away."

"That's one of Ari's fairy tales," said Joe. "Let Ari tell it, and he has had more bear fights and killed more grizzlies than anybody, but the fact is that his brother-in-law, Jim Freer, did all the killing. You never heard of Ari going bear hunting without Jim. When they'd find any bears, Ari would go up a tree and Jim would stand his ground and do up the bear. Jim never gets excited in a scrimmage, and he's a dead shot. He'll stand in his tracks and wait for a bear, and when the brute gets near him he'll raise his rifle as steadily as though he were at a turkey shoot and put the bullet in the exact spot every time. If that had been the piebald grizzly of the Piru that treed Ari, he wouldn't have scared him out of the tree."

"What's the piebald grizzly?" inquired Dad in an incredulous tone. "I never heard of no such bear as that."

"Oh, you needn't think I'm lying. I wouldn't lie about bears."

"How about deer?"

"Well, that's different. I never knew a hunter or any chap that likes a gun and a tramp in the mountains who wouldn't lie about a deer except Jim Bowers. He doesn't lie worth a cent. Why, Bowers will go out after venison, come back without a darned thing, and then tell how many deer he shot at and missed. I've known him to miss a sleeping deer at thirty yards and come into camp and tell all about it. When I do a thing like that I come back and lie about it. I swear I haven't seen a deer all day long."

"If you told the truth," said Dad,

think of any way of getting out, and there wasn't nobody within five miles. Dad yelled for about an hour and then quit. After awhile he heard something coming, and thinking it might be a neighbor riding along the trail, he shouted again. Peering out between the logs he saw two bears in the moonlight making straight for the trap, and he stopped his noise. The bears came up, sniffed all around, smelt Dad and the bait and began clawing at the logs to get inside. Then Dad was sorry he hadn't built the trap stronger and used heavier logs. He tried to scare the bears by yelling, but the more he yelled the harder they dug to get at him, and it wasn't long before he heard a mountain lion answering his shout and coming nearer every minute. The lion came down off the mountain, jumped on top of the trap and began tearing at the logs up there. He got his paw down through the trigger hole, and Dad had to go to the other end of the trap to keep out of reach. Then the bears got the logs torn so that they could reach in between them in two or three places, and they kept Dad on the jump inside. Before morning there was another lion and three more bears at work on the Dad-trap, and they'd have got him by noon that next day if a party of hunters hadn't come along and scared them away. These are the facts, but Dad used to tell it differently.

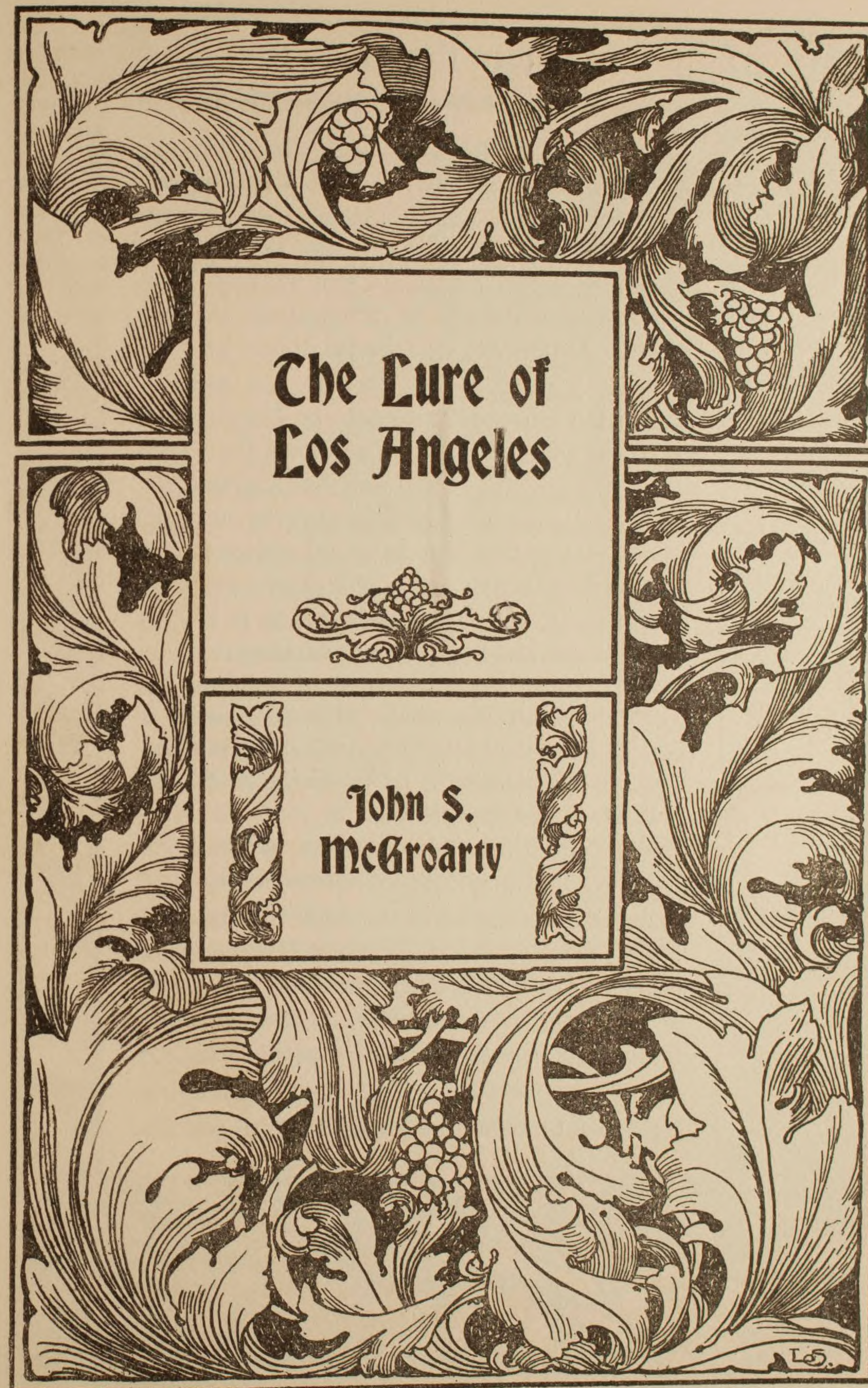
"Dad said he pulled up one of the floor logs and began to dig with his knife and hands. He sunk a hole two or three feet deep and then run a drift under the trap to a big hollow tree that stood just behind it. While the bears were digging in, Dad was digging out. He struck the root of a tree with his tunnel and made an upraise to the inside of the trunk. He climbed up about ten feet and struck into a mass of honey and comb, and crawled through that to a hole about fifty feet from the ground, where he could look out. Just about that time the bears and the lions broke into the trap and began to fight over the bait. The growling and yelling were fearful, and the air was full of flying fur, bark and chips. While Dad was watching the fight he heard a great scratching and scrambling in the tree beneath him, and he knew that one of the bears had caught the scent of the honey and was following it through his drift and upraise. Dad crawled out through the bee hole, slid down the tree and lit out for home. When he came back with his boys and neighbors he found the trap chock full of dead bears and lions. He cut down the bee tree, killed the bear that was inside and got half a ton of fine honey. That's the way Dad tells it."

"I never told no such dogdurned lie as that since I was born," snorted Dad, "and my boys got me out with a crow-bar."

Not The Fulfillment

By JESSIE DAVIES WILLYD

Not the fulfillment, which our eager striving sought,
Bears pleasure keen as that of triumphs almost gained;
Or knowledge of life's battles being nobly fought;
Or fulness of the joys by honest toil attained.



The West Coast Magazine

THE LURE of Los Angeles is, first of all, the lure of the blue skies and golden weather, which is to say that climate is its greatest asset. How much money do you suppose New York or Philadelphia or Minneapolis or any other ambitious city in America would be willing to pay for a climate such as Los Angeles enjoys the whole year round—in January the same as June? Well, there you have the whole thing in a nutshell. "All that Los Angeles has is climate" sometimes says the grouchy stranger who comes within our gates of welcome and fails to find twenty dollar gold pieces growing on the trees. He is certainly wrong in saying that Los Angeles has nothing but climate. But even if the statement were true Los Angeles would have all she needs. Her climate is a greater asset than all the factories in New England, all the steel mills in Pittsburg, or all the coal mines in Pennsylvania.

A climate that supplies June weather in January, that grows roses contemporaneously with the snow and ice of the East, and that furnishes cool days and sleepful nights when God's people are dropping dead with heat in Chicago and in all the blazing cities of the outlands, means dollars and cents to the people who live and work where that climate is. It is all very well to talk about the wheat crop of the Da-

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kotas, the corn crop of Iowa, or the cotton crop of Dixie—the tourist crop of California pays larger dividends than any of them.

Primarily, therefore, the lure of Los Angeles is its climate. That's what brings people here in the first place. It is the thing that makes them want to remain after they have come and that urges them to send for all their folks in the far away places to come also, and to remain. When a man or woman has spent half a lifetime or more in a fight against the weather—wading through snow and slush and hail in winter, and hiding in cellars from the withering heat of summer—and then learns that there is a place in the world right in their own country, under the same starry flag, where the weather is always the same as the weather is said to be in Heaven, it is a moral certainty that those people will pack up and pull for that place and stay there till they die, if they can in any way raise the price of railroad tickets.

It is not to be wondered at, in view of all this, that Los Angeles has shown the greatest increase of population of any city in America during the past decade and that she is giving every indication that she is destined to become the largest city on the West Coast of the Americas, and one of the greatest cities in the whole world. She has become a great manufacturing and distributing center; at her sunny gates rail

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and sail meet; back of her stands the richest and most productive stretch of agricultural and mineral country on earth. It is foolish to say Los Angeles hasn't anything except climate. It has everything that any other place would want to have, and lots beside.

Is it any wonder, then, that men have here builded between the mountains and the great waters a city that rises among the cities of the globe so strong, so fair and so beautiful as to lure to its gates the ships of the seven seas and the caravans from the world's four corners? Is it any wonder that its roof-trees are springing up like magic and that the faces of the wanderers of the world are seen in ever increasing throngs upon its shining highways? Its gates are the gates of welcome and its harbor is the Port o' Heart's Desire.

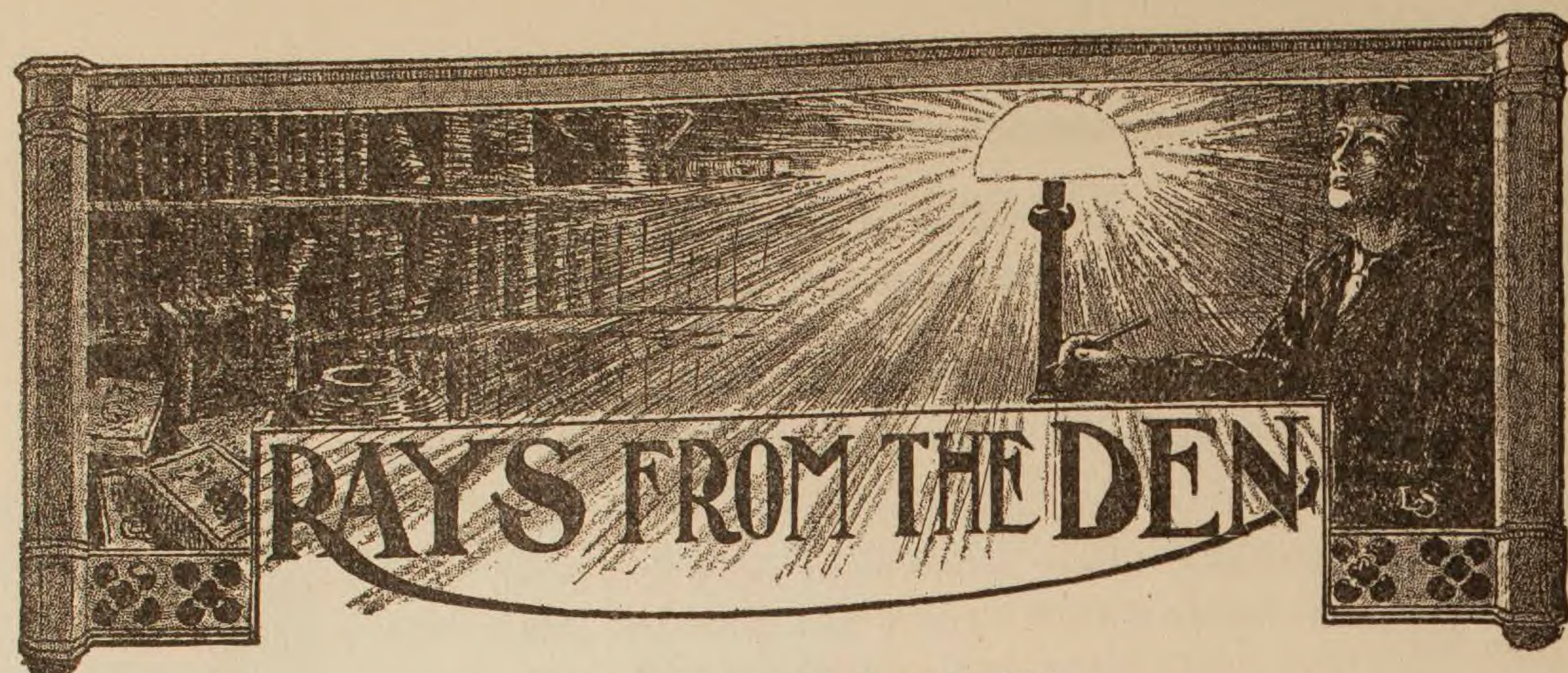
Happy in its own blessings, it is no more than natural that Los Angeles should have developed that spirit of progress which is today the wonder of the world. Grateful to the All-wise Father for blue skies and perfect weather, for the beauty of the mountains and the glory of the sea, the people could have shown their gratitude in no better way than by doing something for themselves. So, they built a harbor; they are bringing from the heart of the Sierra Nevadas, 240 miles away, a river with its ceaseless flow of living waters. They might have been

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content to revel in their own delight and to have shut the gates against the longing hosts that called from afar for admittance. But their thought was to make it possible for millions of the human race to live and prosper where only hundreds lived before. There is room for millions between the mountains and the sea in Los Angeles. To make it possible for those millions, when they come, to eat and drink, was the problem. But it is a problem that has been already solved.

Whatever it is that a man desires, it seems that he need only answer the lure of Los Angeles to have his desire gratified. There is no more favorable location for the amassment of wealth, because Los Angeles occupies a strategic position as far as commerce is concerned. She is the metropolis of the Great Southwest with its vast areas of land, its mines and farms. She commands the commerce of the whole West Coast southward as far as The Horn. Yet if a man care nothing for wealth—and it may be that in not caring he is wise—here is peace for him; he can be happy though poor.

The lure of Los Angeles is the lure of blue skies and golden days of sun and shine, of sea and mountain, of valleys sleeping in the purpled dusk, of peaks that gleam in glory, the flame of flowers, the wild bird's song, long life, heart's content, and the peace of God.



By JAMES MAIN DIXON

A REFERENCE in the September number of the magazine to a friend's story may have puzzled some of my readers. I spoke of Hamlin Garland's "Cavanagh" as of something already handled in the Rays. The fact is the copy in some mysterious way was lost. The novel is an excellent depiction of a forest-ranger's life in the Far West—a live subject just at present. The heroine, Virginia Lee, is a good study; from a simple love story a wider panorama is gradually unfolded. The more eager among my readers will devour the book at a sitting.

Another link broken with the early Victorian period! When Tennyson was writing his "In Memoriam" there was intense interest in the scientific world over the promised appearance of another planet. His friend, John Couch Adams, of Cambridge University, declared that indications in the heavens pointed to the presence of another planet near Uranus. Leverrier in France said the same thing just a little later, from independent calculations—thus "wresting its secret from the latest star." But the first man who gazed through the telescope upon this new luminary was Johann Gottfried Galle, observator of the Sternwarte in Berlin. It "floated into his ken" on the night of September 23, 1846. And now he is dead at Potsdam at the advanced age of ninety-eight.

Five years ago when spending the summer at Berkeley, I visited Santa Rosa, and got on the tracks of Laurence Oliphant, that gifted traveler and writer. He is to be touched from various sides. Attached to the mission of Lord Elgin to Japan in 1861, he saw and has recorded much that was strange and exciting in the country during that transition period. Then he was in the thick of the Crimean and Franco-Prussian wars, as a special correspondent of the London Times. In the midst of his activities in London, and when about to enter Parliament, he came under the spell of a "prophet" called Thomas Lake Harris. Harris founded a socialistic community at Brocton on the shores of Lake Erie, which was later transferred to our Santa Rosa. The prophet promised unending life if the votary could learn the rhythm of the universe, by an involved esoteric process. He wrote poetry voluminously, which was only appreciated by the elect. Laurence was joined out here by his wife, an accomplished woman, and his good mother, Lady Oliphant, whose grave is at Cloverdale in the same valley. All three finally broke with Harris, and the story of the disillusionment is to be found in "Massolam," a novel published in three volumes in 1886, but now out of print and hard to get.

Harris was born in 1823, and when I visited the community at Fountain-grove in 1905 his age would have

been 82. They denied that he was dead—he claimed to be immortal like Dowie; he was reported to me as living quietly in New York. And yet he had been in the grave for several months, for I now learn that he died in March of that very year. The State library at Sacramento is trying to get hold of a copy of "Massolam," and then I shall be able to work up the whole Oliphant-Harris story. One of Harris's chief assistants was a Japanese samurai from Kiushu, and several of his nationals are still attached to the community, where his second wife now resides.

The late Lafcadio Hearn was a pure sentimentalist; he saw and judged things through a haze or atmospheric illusion. At one time in love with everything Japanese, he gave up his own nationality and became a Japanese subject. In the University at Tokyo he took up my work, and was supposed to teach literature; but not having been trained for the duties, and lacking the strain of reality so necessary in a teacher, he was from the outset—so I was informed on the best authority—a great disappointment. Nor was he approachable to his students; and he certainly failed to make his mark as a college professor. The Oriental illusion began to fade and he finally became wholly out of patience with his new compatriots. So much so, that in one of his letters to my old colleague, Basil Hall Chamberlain, he could declare that, "The missionaries are right who declare the Japanese to be without honor, without gratitude, and without brains, excepting, of course, the women of Japan, who are, well, who are not Japanese; they remain angels."

This dictum was a curious return to the finding of the trade-port merchant folk, who are wont to regard the women of Japan as "so superior to the men." Now we have in Scotland an old adage which declares that "wherever there is a silly Jock

there is a silly Jenny." On the whole, as the men of a nation so are the women, and vice versa. And I believe this judgment to be thoroughly true of Japan. That Japanese women have any real moral superiority to the men does not appeal to me as a truth. They are gentle, self-effacing—a wonderful recommendation to a self-assertive European or American—and kindly; but in every case there is an offset in the qualities of the Japanese men. It is simply another of Hearn's illusions. But what noble illusions he gave us of Japanese life! Efface the quantum of pure Hearnism, and there remains excellent truth behind.

I have in my hands a book just from the press in Japan, a translation. It is termed "My New Gospel," and gives the theology of a new Buddha-Christ, named Miyazaki, who may be seen in the streets and on the roadways of the island empire preaching his tenets. He wears a frock coat, over which is a sleeveless haori, or loose, light overcoat. This bears on the back, between the shoulders, where the old samurai cognizance used to be, the characters in Japanese, Buddha-Christ. Miyazaki talks of coming to this country to preach his gospel. There is not much in the book beyond an assertion of his divine self-consciousness. His followers are but few as yet.

There is a leading novelist today in whose career I am specially interested. For several years when I was attached to Washington University in St. Louis as professor of English, many of my students came up from the preparatory school known as Smith Academy. The tradition, by the way, seems to have become a thing of the past, for this year, I believe, notwithstanding the magnificent new buildings and campus of the University, not a single Smith Academy student took his freshman year there.

One of the boys who did not come up to the University from Smith Academy some twenty years ago was Winston Churchill; he went east to Annapolis. So I did not make his acquaintance, although his relatives and friends, who appear under different names in "The Crisis," were well known to us. He is now the author of over half a dozen novels of solid merit, and his popularity is growing. These novels, all marked by an initial C, down to the last, "A Modern Chronicle," are most of them histories of a period in American story, rather than novels properly so called; and so they are in the genuine English style, coming down to us from Fielding and Thackeray. Colonial times and Revolutionary times, the Civil War period and New England politics after the war, all are handled powerfully and effectively, although hardly with genius. Probably not until Jethro Bass in "Coniston," did Churchill give us a real creation. And his women were particularly conventional.

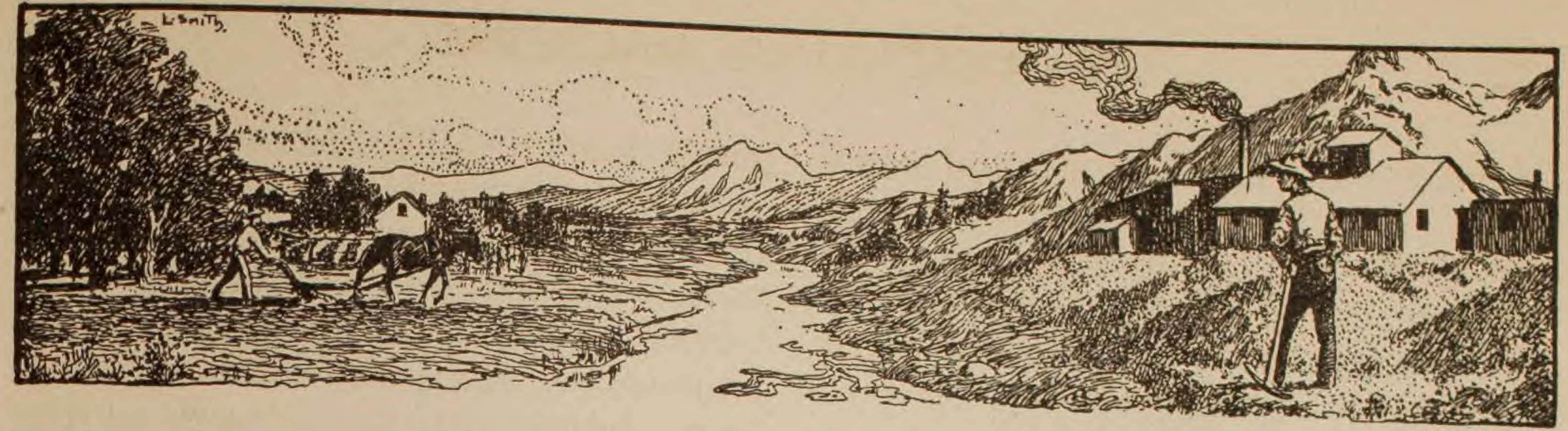
This statement is not true of his last story, "A Modern Chronicle," in which the leading character is an up-to-date woman, who is addicted to the divorce habit. Honora Lefingwell is a real woman, with a mind of her own; who is grimly determined to be appreciated and refuses to be effaced in a suburban flat. The tale is very modern, realistic and absorbing.

In his recently published "Sketches and Snapshots," George W. E. Russell, who certainly knew Gladstone well, and was, indeed, in one of his cabinets, sketches for us some of the salient characteristics of that great personality. He remarks on his love of power, which he hungered for, that he might use it for the pur-

poses dear to him. A Conservative in religion, he was by every instinct a Conservative also in politics, and yielded to change very unwillingly, carried on to it by his conscientious conclusions. Only the plainest proof that existing institutions were harmful would induce him to set to work to reform them. He had an almost superstitious devotion to the British throne; and held the House of Lords in high respect, "attaching to the possession of rank and what it brings with it an exaggerated importance." This is not the American conception of the great Liberal statesman; but it comes close to the truth. The Gladstone seen through our American spectacles bears perhaps a faint resemblance to the truth.

In these days when our youth go yearly across to old Oxford as Rhodes scholars, it is well to keep in touch with the venerable institution. Most of us at school read the prologue at least to the Canterbury Tales; and Mr. Hulton has just given us a book which he terms "The Clerk of Oxford in Fiction." Beginning with Chaucer's type he carries us down through English writers to the present century. One of the rattling songs he quotes is from the pen of a man who became later a church dignitary, Dean Hole of Rochester:

"O, the days we read those musty books, a short time ago,
Were certainly the seediest a man could ever know;
We filled no glass, we kissed no lass,
Our hacks grew fat and sleek;
We thought it dissipation if we rode them twice a week.
We rose up early in the morn, we sat up late at e'en,
And naught but horrid lexicons could anywhere be seen."



THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

Facts Concerning the Golden Wonderland of Health, Happiness and Prosperity

New Mexico--A New State

By ARTHUR R. HINTON

ANNEXED by conquest, ceded by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, with a population exceeding all the newly acquired territory except California, New Mexico has always been loyal to the United States, and for just 60 years has been an applicant for statehood. Today, with 300,000 population, more than any territory except Utah at admission, New Mexico will enter the Union through the door just opened by Congress, hand in hand with Arizona; the last two pieces of contiguous territory to receive statehood.

In 1850 President Zachary Taylor, in his message to Congress, urged admission. A constitution was adopted but the slavery fight killed New Mexico's hopes. The plea that the people were unsuited by language and lack of education for statehood has prevailed until now. In California the gold excitement in 1849 brought an English speaking population. In Colorado the same happened later, and both states came into the Union long ago. In no sense a successful mining region, with resources almost entirely agricultural and devoted to rearing of live stock, New Mexico has remained a Spanish-American community and is such largely today despite the large increase in recent years of people whose native tongue

is English, and despite the progress of education that has spread the knowledge of English among the natives.

Spanish today is used equally with English in all official business. Legal documents may be in either tongue. The laws are printed both in English and Spanish, so are the ballots at elections. In the minor courts proceedings may be wholly in either language; in the District and Supreme courts interpreters translate every word spoken, except strictly legal arguments to the court alone. In many counties juries are composed wholly or almost wholly of men who do not speak a word of English, in others they are apt to be fairly evenly divided. Until very recent years there have been very few juries in which all spoke English with any fluency; in some counties they are still absolutely unknown.

When a witness goes on the stand questions are asked in English; the interpreter translates all to the jury, the witness replies in English or Spanish, as the case may be, which the interpreter translates. Lawyers address the jury in English; as they speak the interpreter stands by their side repeating the words in Spanish. The court's charge to the jury is given in English and translated in the same way. Only during a strictly technical argument between lawyers,

addressed to the court alone, or in a civil case, tried without a jury, where all parties speak English, is the interpreter relieved from constant service.

Conditions in New Mexico have resulted in a class of Spanish and English interpreters, without doubt the most expert in the world. To one newly arrived from the East they are a source of endless wonderment. Imagine a lawyer speaking to a jury in the same vigorous fashion that they do everywhere; now in a low, impassioned tone; now shouting at the top of his lungs; now throwing his arms about his head, now facing this way, now that, now speaking slowly, then his words pouring from his mouth in a torrent; now speaking in calm, earnest tones, then beating the table, maybe, with his fist; and imagine, by his side the interpreter, calm and collected, repeating each word that he speaks, in another language, never hesitating, never blundering, asking for no halt in the flow of words, in which he is seldom more than half a second behind, and, as the most expert of them do, literally making the speech over again in Spanish, throwing in many of the very gestures that the attorney has used, at the proper points, imitating his tone and manner just at the proper time in order to convey to the jury each shade of meaning, each pathetic point and each emphatic argument with an absolute minimum of loss in its effectiveness. To a new arrival it is simply wonderful. Nowhere outside of New Mexico is this to be seen; in neighboring states, in Arizona, Texas and California, interpreters are to be had; they can translate quickly questions and answers, but with a speech they must call on the speaker to go slowly, they must take lengthy addresses in pieces and translate each part separately, they can not follow a speaker throughout, translating just a few words behind. In no other state or territory has there ever been a de-

mand for this; these interpreters are the product of conditions that exist nowhere else.

Not only in the courts but elsewhere is the same condition seen. In political campaigns the interpreter is absolutely essential, and in the same way he will translate a political speech that he will an address in court. In the political campaigns, too, he has a chance to show an ability which he does not get in court, for a campaign speech may be given either in English or Spanish and this same interpreter, who has rattled off in Spanish a political speech or legal argument originally made in English, will turn around and repeat with equal fluency in English an address made in Spanish.

Of course all interpreters are not equally expert; there are all shades of proficiency, but one who would serve in the court room must be very, very thorough indeed; if he is not, he will soon find himself out of a job; there is no chance for him to cover up a blunder; there are always people in the court room who speak both English and Spanish and who will readily detect an error. He may be a little slow at first, but he must soon learn never to hesitate.

These interpreters, as a rule, are of Spanish-American descent, natives of the territory, whose native language is Spanish, or, at least, the language of their parents is Spanish, although many of them have spoken both languages from infancy and it might be something of a question which is really their native tongue. Some are the sons of American pioneer fathers and Spanish-American mothers. Some have been educated in Eastern schools, but the majority are simply the product of the conditions there, whose education has come from the public schools, backed up by contact with English-speaking people. A great many of them, especially of the earlier days, came from the ranks of the graduates of St. Michael's College, conducted by the

Christian brothers in Santa Fe, for many years the only institution for higher education in the territory.

The best interpreter, I believe, that ever came within my personal observation was the late Hon. Pinito Pino of Las Cruces, who, in addition to his work as interpreter, was a practicing attorney, and at one time a member of the Legislature; few ever excelled him. Another is Hon. W. E. Martin of Socorro, but there were scores of others and are still.

Despite the changes of recent years it will be many, many years before it will be possible to conduct court proceedings without the constant need for the interpreter.

Education in New Mexico is far from what it should be, though it, too, has improved in recent years. This is not creditable to the United States. It is but a few years since our newspapers were filled with glowing stories of what the government was to do for the cause of education in Porto Rico and the distant Philippines, and it is being done, too. All this is no doubt creditable; but why is it, we may ask, that for over sixty years New Mexico has needed this aid far more and not one dollar has been forthcoming, not one teacher has been sent by the government to the aid of a population whose need was great, not a word has been heard in the halls of Congress in their behalf; but quite the contrary, when a Representative or Senator has raised his voice on New Mexico it has been with a sneer at the ignorance of the people and to ridicule their aspirations for statehood. Strange to say it has never occurred to these eminent patriots that it might be a good plan to do something to remove that ignorance.

At the time of annexation the Philippines had a school system—poor, no doubt—but New Mexico had absolutely nothing. Manila had a university long prior to annexation, established by the Jesuits, and throughout the islands there were

other schools conducted by the friars; at annexation New Mexico had not even an apology for an institution for higher learning, scarcely a primary school existed within the whole length and breadth of the territory. After annexation, for many years, the only college was St. Michael's and its foundation was in no way assisted by the federal government. Later on the territory received from Congress appropriations for agricultural and mechanical instruction, and for a university, as are given to all the states and territories. With this money a start has been made towards higher education, but for the primary schools not one dollar has ever come from Washington. The public school system, such as it is, is the result of home methods. In the centers of population, such as Santa Fe, Albuquerque and Las Vegas, it is fairly good, comparing favorably with that in most other states, but its efficiency varies widely in smaller places; perhaps, it would be more correct to say its inefficiency is less in some places than others, when speaking of many counties. Illiteracy is far too common, especially among the older and middle generation. There are communities in which very, very few speak English; many more in which the majority do not speak it. The territorial capital, Santa Fe, has by far a majority of Spanish speaking people. A great many inhabitants do not speak English at all, many others speak it very poorly, but the younger generation in the larger towns are nearly all speaking it.

The Spanish spoken by these people naturally varies in many ways from the Spanish of Spain or Mexico, but it does not vary in anything like the degree that many imagine. It is all Spanish. One who speaks with fluency the language spoken by the natives of New Mexico will have little more difficulty in making himself understood in Mexico City, or in Madrid, Spain, than an American

in making himself understood in London. To a Spanish-speaking visitor an amusing feature is found in the continual translation of English phrases literally into Spanish. This is true especially of official and technical terms, and is easily accounted for by the fact that if a native of the territory has received any education he has received it in English, except for what he may have acquired by private study. His knowledge of technical terms in English will be far greater than in Spanish and his natural tendency will be to translate them literally. The same is true of the American who has acquired Spanish in New Mexico, chiefly by ear. Again, when there are several words in Spanish of almost but not quite exactly the same meaning, one of which is very similar in sound to an English word of similar meaning, the tendency will be to translate absolutely literally, although the use of one of the other words would be more proper. Thus, today the New Mexican refers to an American whiskey emporium as a "saloon," spelled exactly as in English and sounded almost exactly the same. In Mexico the word is "cantina." The word "saloon" exists in Spanish but it has a different meaning in Spain and Mexico.

A Spaniard came to Santa Fe and was an interested spectator of a session of the Legislature. A member was interrupted in a speech by a colleague, and, angered, he applied an opprobrious name in English to the interrupter, and added: "Callase, tengo el suelo," meaning literally, "Shut up, I have the floor," an exact translation of the English phrase, but unintelligible to one who spoke the Spanish of Spain and Mexico. Such a one would have said, "Tengo la palabra" (I have the word). The remark was the source of great amusement to the Spaniard, naturally.

In many respects the New Mexican is in a class by himself. In com-

mon speech the American refers to the natives as Mexicans; a term by no means correct, as it should mean a native or citizen of the Republic of Mexico. Its use is by no means calculated to make good American citizens of the people. Realizing this many newspapers of the territory have forbidden the word to be used in their columns. There is no sense in calling particular attention to the ancestry of every drunkard, petit larcenist, or more serious criminal who is hauled into court; yet this is the practice almost universally outside the territory. There is no sense in printing "Juan Garcia, a Mexican," as no paper would ever think of printing "Mike McGuire, an Irishman," in publishing a story of the police court. Juan and Mike's names sufficiently proclaim their ancestry.

New Mexico was under Mexican rule scarcely twenty-five years. In the revolution that freed Mexico from Spain New Mexico had no part, being separated from the rest of the country by a vast desert. Some inhabitants were pro-Spanish in sympathy, others indifferent. For a quarter of a century the country was nominally under Mexican rule. At that time Mexico was in the continual throes of revolution, a very different country from the progressive nation of today. In these revolutions New Mexico had no interest. The people received the governors sent from the capitol from time to time, if they were satisfactory, and frequently sent them home when they were not. American traders and explorers made their way to Santa Fe in the earlier days and established relations that were mutually profitable and wealthy families sent their sons to the States to be educated. Very few ever visited other parts of Mexico. When Gen. Kearny's little army approached Santa Fe in 1847, Governor Armijo, with a few soldiers he had brought from Mexico, wanted to resist. The inhabitants held a meeting, dismissed

him from office by force and sent him back to Mexico; then a committee went out to welcome the advancing Americans. A few remained loyal to Mexico but for the most part they left the territory after annexation or became reconciled.

Gen. Kearney at once organized a provisional government, appointed officers from the few Americans domiciled in Santa Fe, the leaders of the pro-American movement among the natives and officers of his army. For sixty years there has never been the faintest hint of disloyalty to the United States in New Mexico, so far as the native people are concerned. When, fourteen years after annexation, the civil war came, in 1861 and 1862, the Confederates invaded New Mexico from Texas. Of the few Americans in the territory many were from the South and among these the invader found friends, but among the native inhabitants they found only hatred and bitter opposition. Two regiments of volunteers composed, except for a few officers, entirely of natives, under command of the famous Kit Carson, swelled the ranks of the Union Army, in addition to the militia called out during the actual invasion. Those who remained at home, in many cases, lent service by supplying ammunition and by furnishing supplies to the national forces and withholding them from the Confederates.

As soldiers it is true, the New Mexican volunteers were not a success. But for the U. S. Regulars stationed in the territory the Southerners would have had a comparatively easy task, for the New Mexicans were undrilled, ill armed and handicapped in every possible way, but this in no way detracts from the honor due them for their loyal support. Santa Fe was occupied by the Confederates for a few days in 1862, but the invasion was a total failure. Perhaps, as some maintain, the ill feeling existing against the Texans,

"Tejanos," as the natives called them, had something to do with the New Mexican's attitude, but whatever the reason, the facts remain. In Santa Fe there stands in the plaza a small monument erected by the Legislature in 1867 to "The Heroes of the Federal Army who fell at Val Verde." It has been said this monument is the only one in the United States in which the term "rebel" is applied to the Confederates.

After the Confederate invasion was repelled New Mexico took no further part in the war, though some New Mexican troops were employed in garrison and Indian warfare to relieve, to some extent, the Regulars and permit them to go to the war in the East. A California regiment was marched overland, through Arizona, to the relief of the territory, but arrived too late to take part in the fighting and remained in garrison in the south of the territory until the end of the war.

During the Spanish war New Mexico furnished quite a number of troops. A fair proportion of Roosevelt's Rough Riders and of the First Territorial Infantry came from the inhabitants of New Mexico, though most of these by far were of American ancestry. Only English-speaking natives were accepted, and a number of these volunteered. Some served in the Philippines and afterwards entered the civil service there. Quite a few New Mexicans, both natives of Spanish descent and American residents, who speak Spanish, have found employment with the government in the new Spanish possessions.

The question will now be asked, Will New Mexico be a success as a State? This is hard to answer, and depends a little on what you mean by success. I believe New Mexico will be as much of a success as many of our other states, more so, perhaps than some, but it will be hard to find very much of a compliment in this, when one considers how some

of our states are governed. It would be next to impossible for New Mexico to do any worse than some have done.

Though I know nothing as to what may be the plan for a constitution at this time, I do not think there is any probability that New Mexico will adopt what is called "A Progressive Constitution," such as Oklahoma's; on the contrary, I believe, it will be more along the old lines. The new state is practically certain to be "machine ruled" to a very large extent. This is unavoidable in view of the population and what they have been accustomed to. Whether or not this is a good thing may be left for readers to determine for themselves; suffice it to say, that it is impossible to be otherwise.

New Mexico, generally speaking, has been law-abiding. Lynching has been practically unknown; had it ever been epidemic, as it has in so many states, while a territorial condition existed, the Federal government would have interfered. I do not believe it will become otherwise, though some outbreaks are not impossible. Through the coming of large numbers of people from the eastern states there may be a very serious race problem introduced. In the earlier days comparatively few families came from the East, the number of American women was very small; the men were the frontiersmen who came single, and, if they married at all, frequently married native women. Thus, in the towns of New Mexico there has generally been the best of feeling, intermarriage between the races having been very common and there has been no race problem.

With the coming of families from the East and their establishment in the native communities, in time there may be built up a large group of American society entirely distinctive from the old regime. When intermarriage ceases, just as it has ceased between the whites and the Indians

in the Far West with the coming of the white families, instead of only single men, the race problem may come, and when it does no man can perceive where it may lead. The native element is stronger here than anywhere in the regions acquired from Mexico. In other parts, in California, Arizona, Southern California and Texas there has never been any conflict, and it is to be hoped there will not be any in New Mexico.

In politics New Mexico has probably been neither better nor worse than most of the states. As in small communities always, the papers have been filled with the most extreme and bitter denunciations of opponents, and any one reading their columns might easily have imagined New Mexico far worse than it ever was. As a matter of fact the same scandals have always occurred in a great many other states. During New Mexico's entire career, while Congress has had the right to veto any of the acts of the Territorial Legislature, the only instance in which this veto was exercised was over the bill to incorporate the Jesuits.

As to the benefit which New Mexico will receive there may be differences of opinion. That politicians will profit is beyond question. There will be more offices to hold and far better opportunities for appointments to Federal positions outside the state. There will be two senators and at least one representative where there is now but a single voteless delegate to Congress. There will be a United States court, besides a full set of state courts, where the two are now one. So it will be in a number of other matters.

It is well known that for some well-nigh inexplicable reason Eastern capital will not place confidence in territorial government. The system, it is generally claimed, is distasteful, it being supposed that indicates inferiority on the part of the people. To some extent this is true;

it indicates, no doubt, that Congress holds a poor opinion of them; but, on the other hand, what else does it mean? It means unquestionably that life and property will receive, whenever necessary, the direct protection of the United States. If a strike occurs in the territory and violence follows, the independent workman and employer are not compelled to plead and beg protection from officers completely under local influence and seeking for the votes of the strikers; they need not wait for a cowardly or inefficient governor to ask for Federal aid; they can go direct to Washington and the law will be enforced by all the power and majesty of the United States. Had Nevada been a territory, instead of having been wrongfully admitted as a state years ago, the deplorable conditions at Goldfield could not have existed. There would have been no question arise as to the right and duty of the President to enforce the law with Federal troops. Strange to say, many persons do not understand this, and they prefer to trust their lives and property to such a government, or perhaps it would be better to say, such an apology for government as prevailed at Goldfield, rather than to a government which assures them the direct protection of the United States with all that it implies. It is absurd, but true. And this condition of public sentiment has always been one of the pleas offered by advocates of statehood for New Mexico.

On the other hand, some may point to unfortunate abuse of Federal authority. But one example of this has ever occurred; this was in the matter of the Elephant Butte Dam, in which an English company sought to construct a huge dam or reservoir at Elephant Butte and impound the waters of the Rio Grande for the benefit of the people of the Mesilla valley in New Mexico and the valley in Texas and New Mexico on the south. Under the treaty of Gua-

dalupe Hidalgo the United States and Mexico were to have equal use of the waters of the Rio Grande for irrigation, and it is asserted that the two agreed to regard the Rio Grande as a navigable stream. The construction of large irrigation works at the head waters of the stream in Colorado drained the river completely during the seasons when water was most desired. Much suffering resulted in New Mexico, in Texas and in Mexico, and the Mexican government was compelled to send relief to many farmers on its territory along the frontier.

The International Boundary Commission, of which the American member was Brigadier-General Anson Mills, United States Army, retired, charged with finding means of relief, reported that of the water taken from the river 97 per cent was extracted in Colorado and 3 per cent in New Mexico. The only solution offered was for Congress to forbid New Mexico to take any of the water, while allowing Colorado to continue to take all that might be desired, and to enjoin the English company from its proposed work.

This last recommendation was carried out and litigation based upon the absurd legal fiction of navigation on the Rio Grande, which is dry during nine months of the year, and in New Mexico and for many miles below El Paso will not float a log, was kept up until the English company quit in disgust. A greater outrage against the rights of a helpless people was never perpetrated by our government. The only reason for it was that Colorado was a state and able to defend itself, New Mexico was a territory and helpless. The only excuse ever offered for the boundary commission's report was that there seemed to be nothing else possible. It was little short of a reflection on the intelligence of the American commissioner and a matter of astonishment that it received

the slightest respectful consideration in Washington.

With the establishment of the Reclamation Service the problem for New Mexico, Texas and Mexico is solved. A large dam and reservoir are being built at Engle, near Elephant Butte, by the government, and the water distributed to southern New Mexico, Texas and Mexico on the usual terms, satisfactory to all. This has brought about great prosperity for the Mesilla valley, greatly increasing property values, and has brought in a large population from the East.

In the southeast the settlers have flowed into the Pecos valley, where substantial irrigation works have been built and direct railroad communication established with the East in the last few years. This is one of the least native parts of the new state. For the first time the northeastern part was brought into direct railroad communication with the rest of the territory, a few years ago, by the building of the Rock Island, El Paso and Northeastern and the Santa Fe Central railroads, followed later by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe's Belen cut-off. The Santa Fe is the owner of far the greater part of the mileage in New Mexico, as the Southern Pacific merely skirts the southwest corner. During the last few years the mileage has been very nearly doubled and much more is planned.

Sheep raising is a very important industry. Cattle raising is carried on on a very large scale. Agriculture is improving, though it has always been the main occupation of the people. As a mining country New Mexico, so far, is a failure, except in coal.

New Mexico's experience in statehood should be watched with interest by every American. If successful, all should rejoice, and perhaps this may have its bearing upon the treatment of other Spanish-speaking territory acquired by the United States, though the conditions in each are entirely different. Politically it is hard to tell just what New Mexico will do; it has sometimes been Democratic and sometimes Republican; it is noteworthy, however, that it was not swept into the Bryan ranks in 1896 by the free silver craze, as were so many of the Western states. Of course, the territory did not vote for President, but the Republican party was able to carry the local elections and the trend of public opinion was towards McKinley. Republicans have been charged with having kept the territory out because of the belief that it would be Democratic; the correctness of this remains to be seen.

Whatever happens, let us watch closely and with friendly eyes, the career of the last state to be added to our Union.

The fallow furrows, turned in wan despair,
And sown in grief,
When comes the happy harvests will be fair
With golden sheaf.

From Oaxaca to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec

By ERVIN V. KECK-SCHWARZBACH



OAXACA, the capital of the state of the same name, in Mexico, is located about 350 miles southwest of Mexico City. Its glorious political history, its wonderful climate and the richness of its soil and mineral resources have made it one of the best known states in the country. It has an area almost equal to that of the state of Kansas,

When the Spaniards came they found that Oaxaca's mineral resources had long been exploited, but the primitive methods of the Indians had enabled them to handle only the richer surface deposits. The Spaniards, with a better conception of mining, worked the old properties to greater depths and discovered new ones. These old workings are eagerly sought for even to this day, and



THE CATHEDRAL IN MEXICO CITY

and a coastline on the Pacific Ocean of 306 miles. There are several good ports on the seacoast, the principal one being Salinas Cruz, the western terminus of the Tehuantepec railroad.

Accounts left by Cortez and others of the Spanish conquerors of Mexico show that the state of Oaxaca furnished the greater part of the immense treasure that enriched the Montezumas and their predecessors.

the amount of wealth taken from them by the colonial miners ran high into the millions.

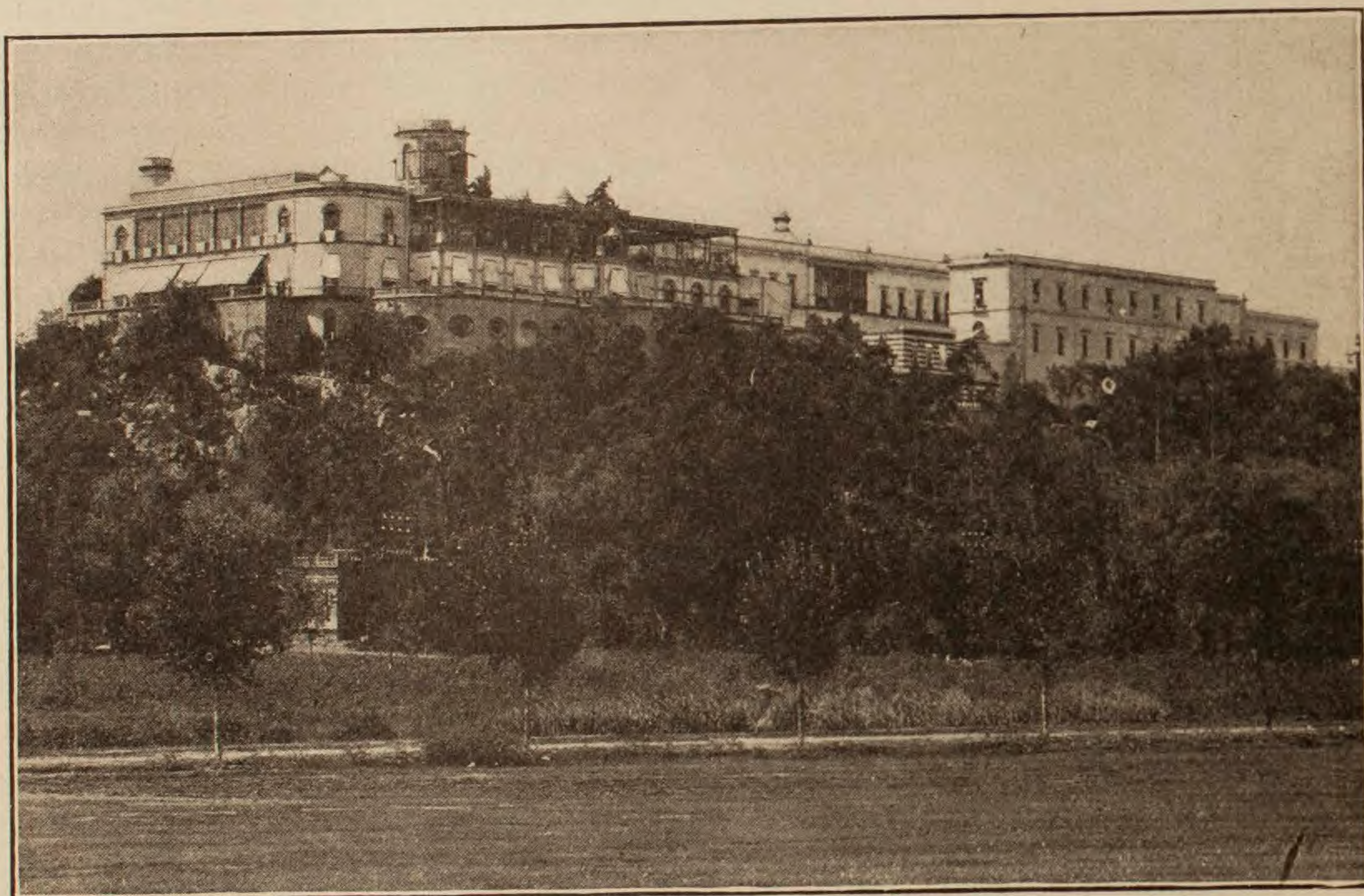
About eight years ago the Americans began to take a hand in the mining industry, and at the present time most of the mining property is in the hands of Americans. The rapid construction of mills to handle the ore of the different districts and the arrangements now being made to operate the smelter in Oaxaca, in

conjunction with the extension of the National Railways toward the Atlantic and Pacific Coast over the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, indicate the coming of very prosperous times in Oaxaca.

Owing to the kind invitation of some mining men, whose acquaintance I made in Oaxaca, I had the opportunity of acquiring some valuable information regarding the country. On the trip we passed through that part of the state—rich in mineral deposits—which will soon be

of Oaxaca. From there begins the descent into the hot zone to Totolapa, which we reached late in the afternoon. Totolapa is located on the banks of the river of the same name and is also the center of a very considerable mining district. The ore of this camp is very rich and several of the mines have been dividend-payers.

At seven o'clock next morning we took to the saddle again. For the first ten miles the road followed the river, crossing it some fourteen times.



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rendered easily accessible by the railroad between Oaxaca and Tehuantepec.

We left Oaxaca early in the morning, and early in the afternoon we arrived at Mitla. In the quaint little hotel we had the pleasure of meeting a very jolly party from New York, with whom we visited the world famous ruins. Next morning we departed from Mitla with the well wishes of our friends and reached, after a ride of about four hours, San Donysio, which is situated on the end of the fertile valley

At ten o'clock we left the river and began a rather steep climb.

Early in the afternoon we reached the top of the mountain and enjoyed an excellent view of some of the highest peaks of the state of Oaxaca. The descent seemed to me almost endless and very tiresome, and never before did I enjoy the view of a town more than that of San Carlos Yantepec, the capital of the district of the same name, which we could see several miles in the distance. We arrived there at four o'clock, men and horses tired and thirsty.



A MEXICAN PACK TRAIN

In San Carlos Yantepec I made the acquaintance of Mr. R. Batelt, whose mine is located some 75 miles south of the village, and who came to San Carlos to look up some old mining records. Mr. Batelt is an experienced mining man who has been working properties in Oaxaca for the last fourteen years and during the last seven years has opened a promising property in this district.

Two days after our arrival in San Carlos Yantepec we accepted Mr. Batelt's invitation to visit his mines, which are among the oldest in the country. Under his guidance we arrived in the afternoon at San Borotolo Yantepec, an Indian village in which the people still hold strong to their Indian costumes, and where hardly any woman speaks Spanish, notwithstanding that the main road to Tehuantepec passes through it. We passed the night in the house of the postmaster, who for the past forty years has also been schoolmaster in the same village. Thus he was responsible for what little knowledge in reading and writing the present generation has.

At noon the next day after we had followed the main road to Tehuantepec for four or five hours, we

turned off on a side trail toward the mine. After a pleasant ride along the river we arrived late in the afternoon at the property belonging to our friend.

The camp lies in a charming location on the banks of a cool, clear mountain stream. On either side are high mountains, densely covered with trees, principally with oaks and pines. Good food and good beds made us soon forget all the hardships we had to go through on our 165 mile horseback ride from Oaxaca.

In most of the old mining camps exists some old legends. In the present one the tradition is that about 100 years ago one of the richest mines caved in, entombing all the working men, who are still buried, for the mine never has been reopened. Near the mine are the ruins of an old smelter, showing the way in which the original owners disposed of their minerals.

These mines had been lying idle for over 100 years, ever since the Spanish owners were driven out during the war of independence, until the present owner, Mr. R. Batelt, acquired and began to work on them. Enormous quantities of low grade

ore have been brought to light in the mine but no test has been made of it, as the owner is satisfied with shipping the high grade ores, which bring good prices.

It was with regret I finally had to mount my horse again for the trip to Tehuantepec, a distance of fifty miles, which we rode in twelve hours, changing horses once on the way. The greater part of the road—about thirty-five miles—is entirely level and there is no reason why one should not run over it in an automobile.

Tehuantepec, famous for its beautiful women who dress in most picturesque costumes, has lost much of its commercial importance through the advent of the railroad. It used to be the distributing point for the states of Oaxaca, Chiapas and the republic of Guatemala, but little is left now of its former glory. The land around is of an excellent quality, good for corn, cotton, sugar cane and almost everything else, but as the rainfall on the Pacific slope is rather uncertain, great irrigation works would have to be undertaken to make this country an agricultural certainty.

Important deposits of onyx and marble exist near Tehuantepec but have never been properly exploited on account of lack of transportation facilities. A new company has just been formed which will first of all build a tramway to the quarries, and then begin extracting the stone on a large scale. Tehuantepec has excellent railway connection with the City of Mexico over the National Tehuantepec and the Mexican Railway. A direct Pullman leaves Salina Cruz and Tehuantepec in the evening, and one awakes next morning in the heart of tropical agriculture. The railroad passes through coffee, rubber and sugar cane plantations and rolling pastureland. In the evening it arrives at Orizaba and two hours' time is allowed to get a glimpse of this famous and beautiful Mexican

city. I returned to the Pullman car and bed after having enjoyed an excellent dinner in a hotel kept by a Frenchman; and never even noticed that the train pulled out about midnight for the last part of the journey. During the night we climbed some 7500 feet to the plateau where the City of Mexico is situated. At eight o'clock the next morning the train reached the metropolis, and I found that I was just in time for the celebration of the centennial, of which I will write in one of my future articles.



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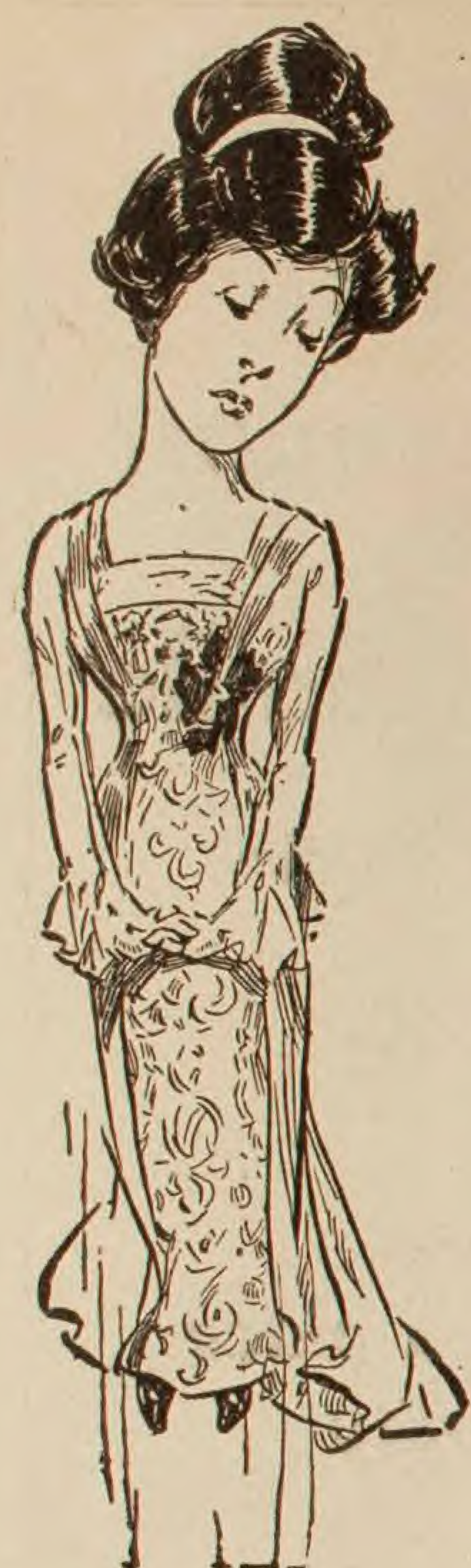
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The following named real estate is splendidly located in Orange County, California, near two railroads, and is very desirable. Thirty-seven acres of rich, sandy loam soil bearing alfalfa with an abundance of water for irrigating, an eight room house and outbuildings, a good team, herd of cattle and full equipment of implements, etc.

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This style desk gives immediate access to the files you need. They are at your fingers' ends. We supply any combination of nine kinds of drawers for filing index cards, cancelled checks, Legal blanks, electros, Letters, Documents, Vouchers etc. in one desk. A drawer for every filing purpose. Top 52x26 solid oak. Extension slides. Oxidized copper label holders and drawer pulls. A handsome and extremely practical desk.

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FREE ATTRACTIONS: AN OCEAN VOYAGE on Wheels—The Excursion cars running a mile into the ocean on LONG WHARF at Port Los Angeles, the longest pleasure and fishing wharf in the world. At Santa Monica, free admission to the Camera Obscura and exclusive attraction for Balloon Route Excursionists only. FREE ADMISSION to the \$20,000 AQUARIUM and a FREE RIDE ON THE L. A. THOMPSON SCENIC RAILWAY, the longest in the world, at Venice, (Sundays excepted during July, August and September).

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The PACIFIC GROVE PENINSULA is one of the most charmingly picturesque spots in California, and Pacific Grove is situated in the heart of this beauty. It takes its name from the forest of virgin pines and oaks in which it is located, while about it on every side is the sea. This ocean environment accounts for the phenomenal climate—mild without variation, and yet tonic with the salt of the sea which saves it from the languid element that commonly marks even climates.

The moral atmosphere of the city is excellent, there being no saloons or gambling places, while church and educational advantages are exceptional.

Pacific Grove is a city of homes and is often called "CHAUTAUQUA BY THE SEA" because here is held each summer the Chautauqua Assembly of Northern California.

Pacific Grove has more modern furnished cottages for rent than any other resort in California. Cottages may be had of every variety and price and they are furnished in every detail, ready for occupancy on arrival and can be secured beforehand; rents are lower in fall, winter and spring than in summer. Inquiries concerning cottages promptly turned over to renting agents.

ATTRACTIONS—Famous Seventeen Mile Drive with its additional scenic boulevards through a beautiful pine forest, along mountain crags, ocean bluffs and shore line invite long tramps and rides. The bay teems with fish of various kinds and the rocks are covered with seaweed and shell fish. Glass bottom boats. Wonderful Submarine Gardens, the equal of Catalina.

Pacific Grove Board of Trade

Pacific Grove, California

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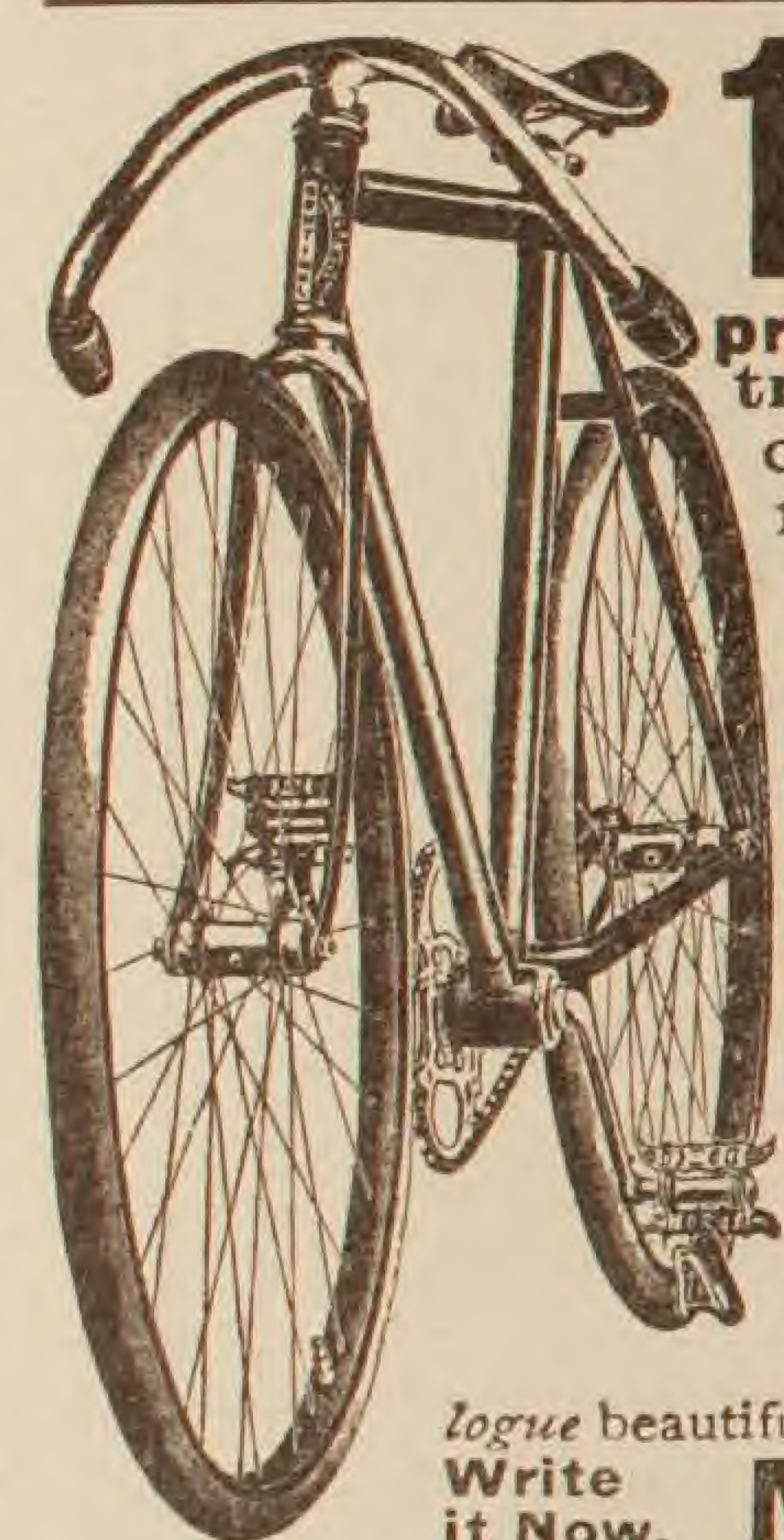
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Oldest Conservatory in California under One Management
MUSIC BRANCHES TAUGHT

Vocal	Violin	Clarinet	Guitar
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Classes weekly in Virgil Clavier Harmony, Ensemble playing Musical Kindergarden, History and Student Orchestra. FREE CLASSES in Theory, Sight Reading, Ear Training, Hand Culture.

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The faculty consist of twenty five teachers under the Management of Mrs. Emily J. Valentine, President



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We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid, to any place in the United States without a cent deposit in advance, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will not be out one cent.

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1910 "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the wonderfully low prices and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1910 sample going to your town. Write at once for our special offer. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received. **SECOND HAND BICYCLES**—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at \$3 to \$8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices. **DO NOT WAIT**, but write today for our Large Catalogue containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything.

Logue beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it Now. **MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. w.c., CHICAGO, ILL.**

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BEACH POINTS San Pedro, (where connection is made with steamers for Catalina, San Diego and Northern points.) Long Beach, (The Atlantic City of the Pacific Coast.) Naples, Huntington Beach, Newport and Balboa. The delightful surf line ride for miles along the breakers.

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For further information and descriptive literature, write to

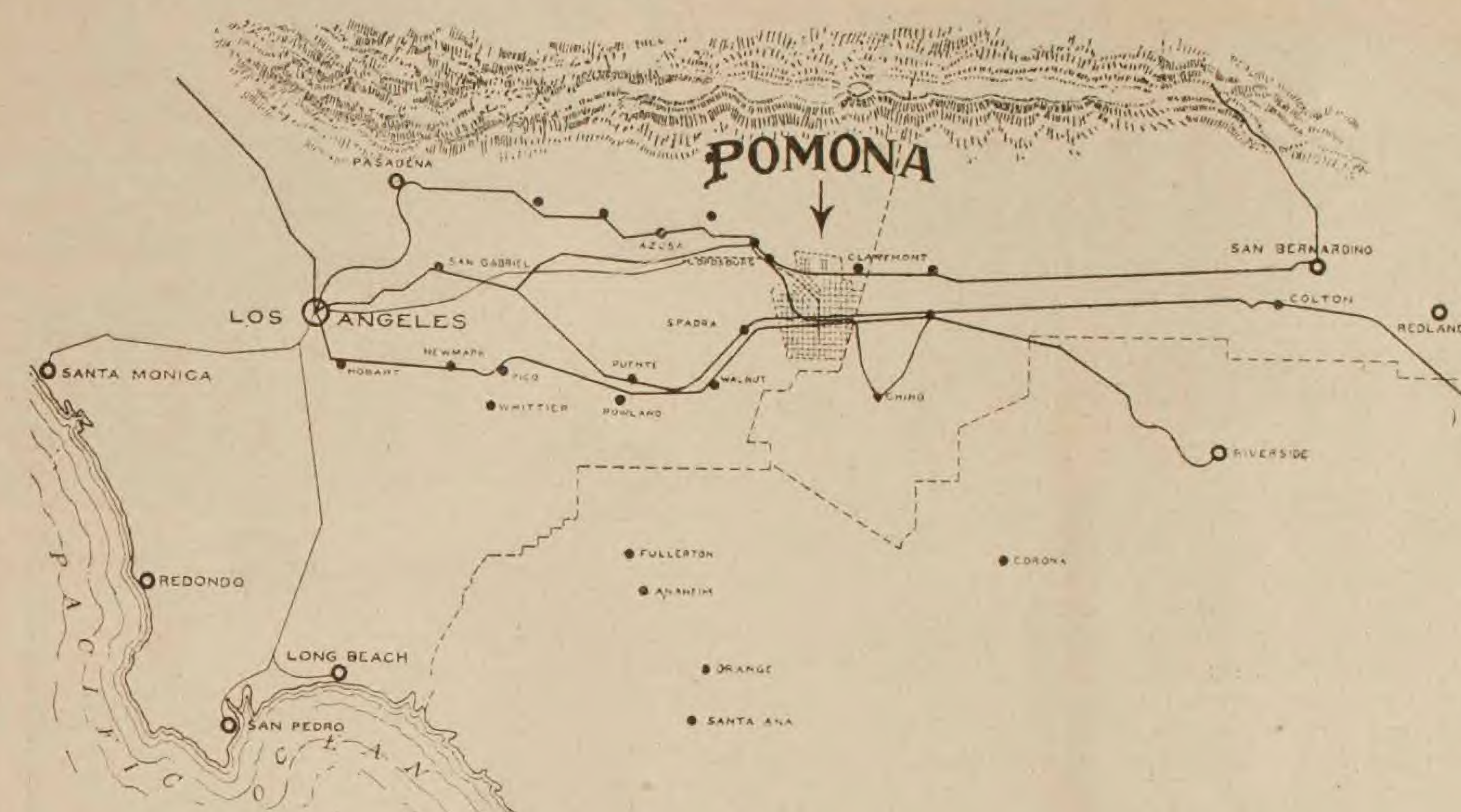
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WHERE IS POMONA?

And What are the Advantages of Pomona?



Study the above map, and for illustrated booklet and free information write the

BOARD OF TRADE,

Ask for Booklet No. 10

Pomona, California

The Southern California Edison Co.

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Long Beach
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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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To Quickly Introduce in Every Locality in the U. S. One Given Free in Each Town or Village

Send Name and Address at Once

The day of brooms and dust rags are gone forever. The new Giant Vacuum House Cleaner is a marvel. You simply push it over carpet and rugs, clean davenport, pictures, hangings, draperies, curtains, etc., and all dirt, dust and small particles of litter are sucked in by the wonderful and powerful action of this marvelous appliance that weighs only a little over four pounds. A child makes play of what millions of women have suffered as back-breaking, nerve racking drudgery.



To Clean With This New House Cleaner is Like a Pleasant Summer's Dream

Write at once. Hundreds of ladies have taken it up as a pleasant diversion. It sells on sight, makes brooms and carpet sweepers look like instruments of torture. But to let it be seen, used, admired and fully appreciated for its wonderful and thorough work we propose to place one free in each town or village for demonstration, so write today without fail.

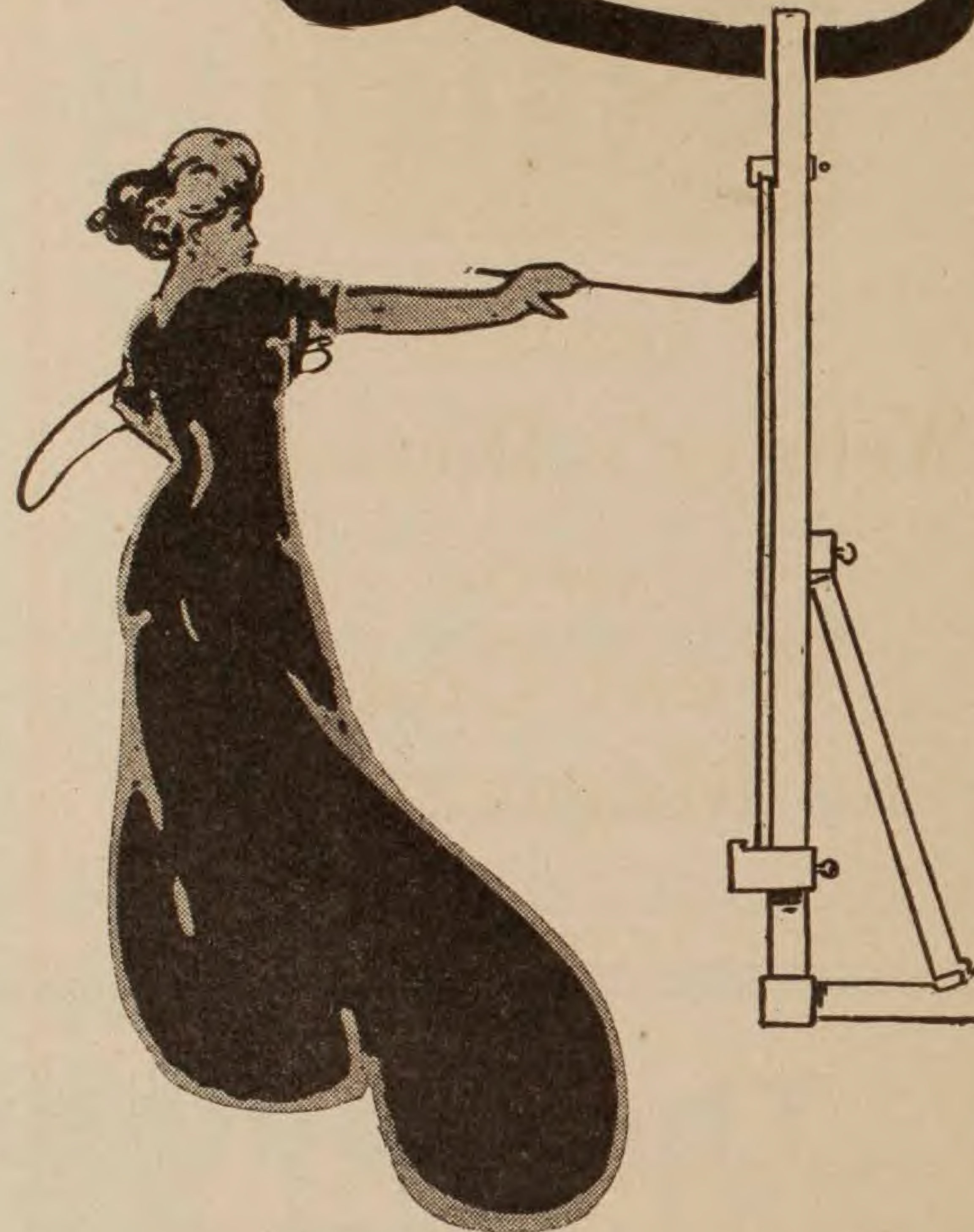
This is by far the greatest, grandest household triumph of the age and will revolutionize household work, reduce it to play and make each home dustless, dirtless, healthful place in which to live, breath and prolong life.

Our free plan will be snapped up quick, so get in your application today without fail.

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Every morning 9 to 12

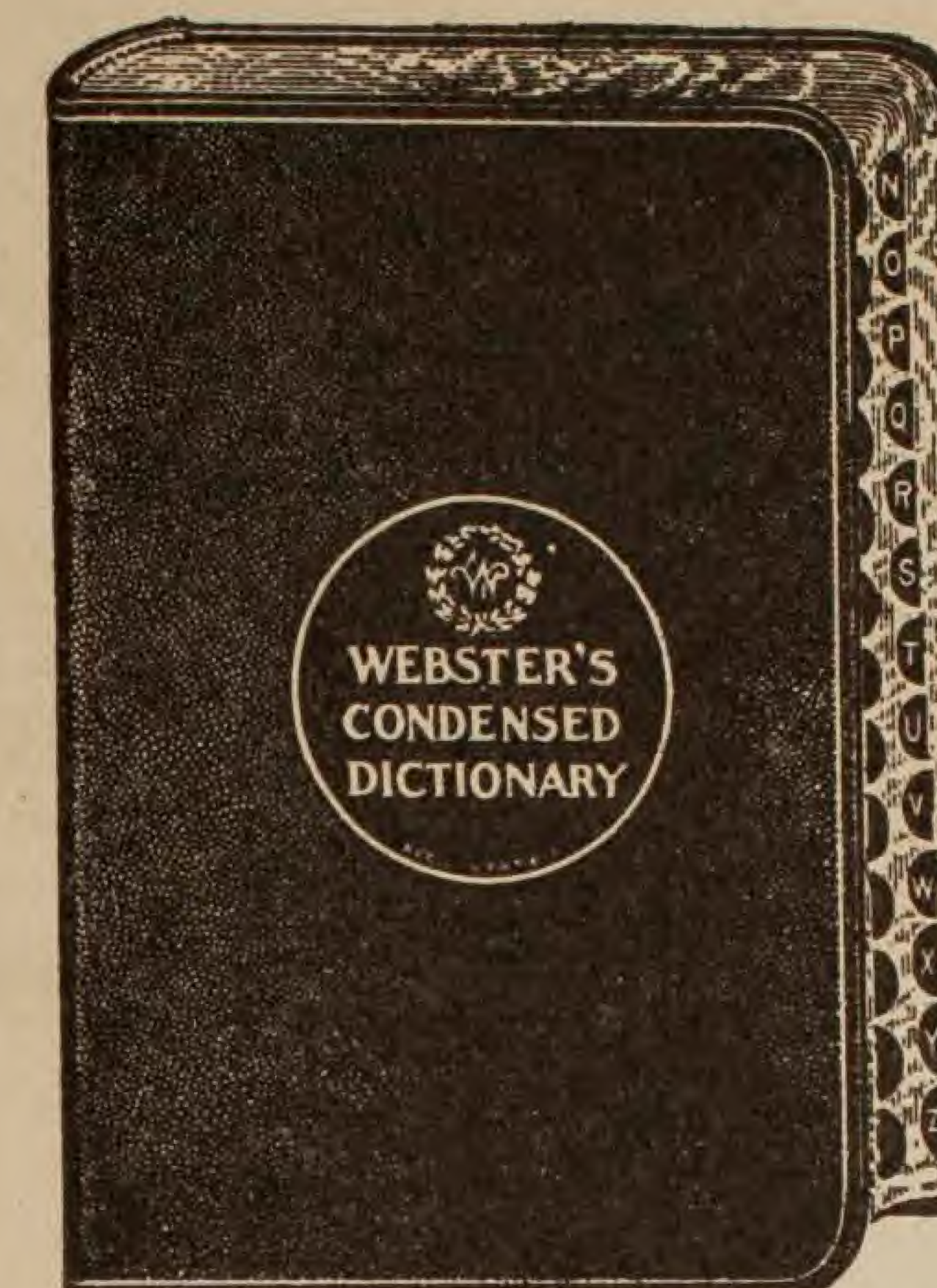
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Tuesday, Thursday and Sat'day
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The International Correspondence Schools can help you—for *the Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries*. In 1909, 3882 I. C. S. students of all occupations, of all ages, in all parts of the world **VOLUNTARILY** reported salaries raised through I. C. S. help. In August, the number was 307. Add to these the number of others who had their salaries raised, but who were *not* heard from, and you have some idea of the ability of the I. C. S. to better *your* position, to raise *your* salary.

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Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

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Crisp as a Frost-bitten Morning.

Even a grouch will laugh heartily over the contents of that new book, from the pen of

Sara W. Featherstone
entitled: **A BONFIRE**

The first edition is just off the press, and we expect the book to sell like hot cakes.

This is the kind of book that you can read aloud to a company of friends and be sure of putting every one in a happy mood, including the dyspeptics.

Here are some of the side-splitting contents:

"My First Proposal;
"The 'Hole' Family;
"A Valentine;
"A 'Jolly';
"Little Miss Malaprop;
"23' for the Lamb;
"William Jennings, 2d;
"An Appreciation;
"A Tip to Cowards;
"From Greater New York;
"If You're Waking—Call Me Early, Mother Dear;
"Immune;
"A Little Billy-dont;
"Explicit;
"An Infant Terrible;
"Another Angel Child;
"The Lady of 'Decration,'
and a lot of other ones that will make you forget that Monday is wash-day.

This unique book of good-cheer will help make a Xmas box look good and 50c a copy, prepaid, isn't the price we ought to get, but is all we are asking.

Send the order this minute and then you won't forget it.

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Publishers, 223-5 E. 4th St., Los Angeles

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Our Standard is High. The Expense Low
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PROTECT your floors and floor coverings from injury. Also beautify your furniture by using Glass Onward Sliding Furniture and Piano Shoes in place of casters. If your dealer will not supply you, write us—**Onward Mfg. Co.**, U. S. Factory and Glass Plant Menasha, Wisconsin. Canadian Factory, Berlin, Ont.



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Be Your Own Dentist!

Fill them with "Dentona," a pure Hard Rubber Tooth Filler. "Just what you have been looking for." You can fill your decayed tooth in two minutes with "Dentona!" It prevents decay and stops the ache. Try it! Enough to fill 25 teeth, 25c, postpaid, with full directions. (Coin or money order.) Dentona Co., 71 Marshall St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Chicago, New York, Minneapolis, Atlanta, Kansas City and San Francisco.

Hello, Freckles—who do you love? Mail me 25 cents silver (no stamps) for my Freckle Cream recipe. Imagine yourself minus those freckles—with a clear complexion. Did you ever wish to look good to someone—if so, write me. C. F., Box 184, St. Paul, Minn.

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DANDY PACKET stamps free for names, addresses 2 collectors, 2c postage; 10 Animal; 10 Picture; 10 Jubilee stamps, each 10c, all three, 25c. 100 Var. fine, select, uncommon stamps, only 50c. Contains many unused British and French Colonies. Send today. **U. T. K. Stamp Co.**, Utica, N. Y.

HAVE YOU received my new 60-page Catalogue, free? Half dollars before 1838—70 cents each. Quarter dollars before 1838—35 cents each. Dimes before 1838—16 cents each. Half dimes before 1838—12 cents each. 3 cent silver at 12 cents each. 3 cent nickel 8 cents each. Large cents before 1857—5 cents each. All my own selection.

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LEWIS S. STONE
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MATINEES :: THURSDAY :: AND :: SATURDAY
POPULAR PRICES

LEARN WIRELESS & R. R. TELEGRAPHY

Shortage of fully 10,000 operators on account of 8 hour law and extensive "wireless" developments. We operate under direct supervision of Telegraph officials and positively place all students, when qualified.

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AGENTS—Here is corker; only pancake griddle in world that bakes square cakes, turns them, bakes six each time, 150 per cent profit.

CANTON GRIDDLE CO., Canton, Ohio

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"Nothing on Earth is as Safe as Earth Itself"

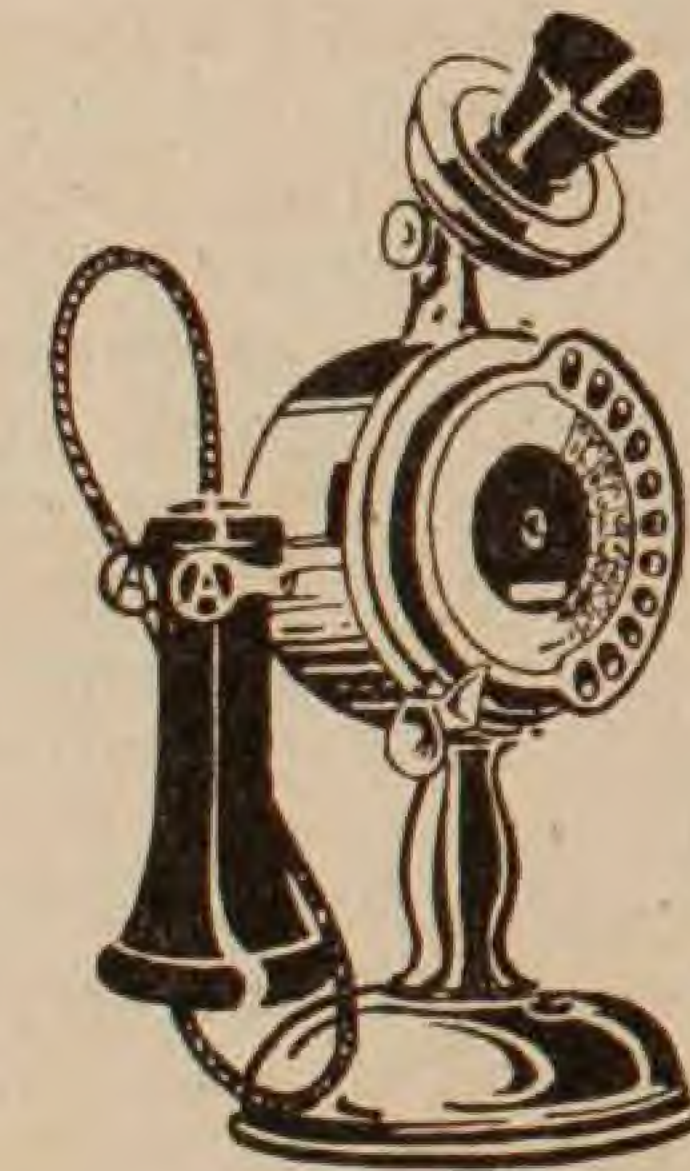
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Want telephone service that is quick and secret and unfailing and reliable and direct and automatic?

Just Homephone

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The Problem Solved

High Living Overcome

By Buying Land in the Atwood Colony

Thousands of acres of irrigated lands near Atwater have recently been put on the market in small tracts (with plenty of water for irrigation), and settlers are coming in rapidly. Atwater soil is noted for its fertility, and for the ease with which it is worked; it is of a sandy, sedimentary nature, having formed by the deposits of the Merced river. Its products are sweet potatoes, peaches, grapes, alfalfa, beans, almonds, etc. The first four above named have proved the most profitable. Diversified crops on the same small tract of land make it more valuable than it would otherwise be, and make the first year of the settler very easy. Land can be bought in the Atwater district in 20 acre tracts at from \$85 to \$150 per acre on very easy terms, including water for irrigation, which costs one dollar per acre per year rental. Improved places can be bought from \$125 to \$250, according to improvements. Sweet potatoes this year are at the present time producing from \$150 to \$300 per acre. Many farmers are paying for their farms from the first year's crop of sweet potatoes.

Twenty acres, well taken care of, will easily support a family; returns may be had the first year from sweet potatoes, beans, etc. Don't be a slave, come and investigate and prove the truth of this advertisement.

W. H. Osborn

Atwater, Merced County, California

PHOENIX-ARIZONA—See Board of Trade Exhibit, Lectures, Moving Pictures at Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, California. **SALT RIVER VALLEY**—home of Dates, Ostriches, Alfalfa, Oranges, Live Stock.

Biggest Advertising Bargain in the West -- Ask Rates



**BUYERS
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Circulates Everywhere. Start Your Advertising NOW!

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WHO CAN FATHOM A MOTHER'S LOVE?

To the very door of death—To the very heights of life—Bearing the sorrows of a cruel world—Heralding the joys of eternal Heaven. Ah Mother! Love on and redeem the world.

THE DRAG-NET

into his power, or that yawning hell close its doors upon him.

He did not look around but he knew that there, upon the wall back of his chair, was the old holster possibly containing still his father's revolver. He backed towards it, and in another instant a shot rang out, and Morello's companion dropped. His unsteady hand had swerved. Before he could raise his hand again, he fell with a bullet through his own breast, and a piercing shriek filled all the little house with woe. The mother threw herself convulsively across his body. For a moment she lay moaning and then relaxed and lay quite still, while his blood soaked into her clothing, and Morello stood the only living one in that little kitchen.

He looked at them, the three lying there, and gasped, dropping his smoking weapon as if it were a coal of fire.

"God!" he groaned, pressing his hand in a dazed way over his eyes. "God, what have I done!"

His limbs grew weak and he staggered to a nearby chair, but he could not take his eyes from the still forms on the floor, and the only word that would come was "God!"

He must at least lift the women and place her on the couch, for she might only have fainted, but her clutch about the boy was not to be loosened; and there was no pulse.

As he arose great beads of sweat ran down his livid face.

(18)

In the Dragnet Mrs. Bohan, an ideal mother, has sounded many of the dangers that beset the growing child and loving mother. The high ideals carried out by her in this book are taken from life and made practical. The Dragnet should be in every home for every member. "No mother will have any trouble to get her child to read it and, when it is finished, mingled with the child's tears will be resolutions for better things. The Grand Rapids Herald says, "Not since Dicken's 'Bleak House' has a story appeared that so touches the reader as does the 'Dragnet'."

No purchaser of the 'Dragnet' has ever been sorry. Order Today. \$1.50 Postage Prepaid (To subscribers of The West Coast Magazine \$1.20).

Address:

GRAFTON PUBLISHING COMPANY

223-225 E. Fourth St., Los Angeles

Pub. by C. M. C. Pub. Co.

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